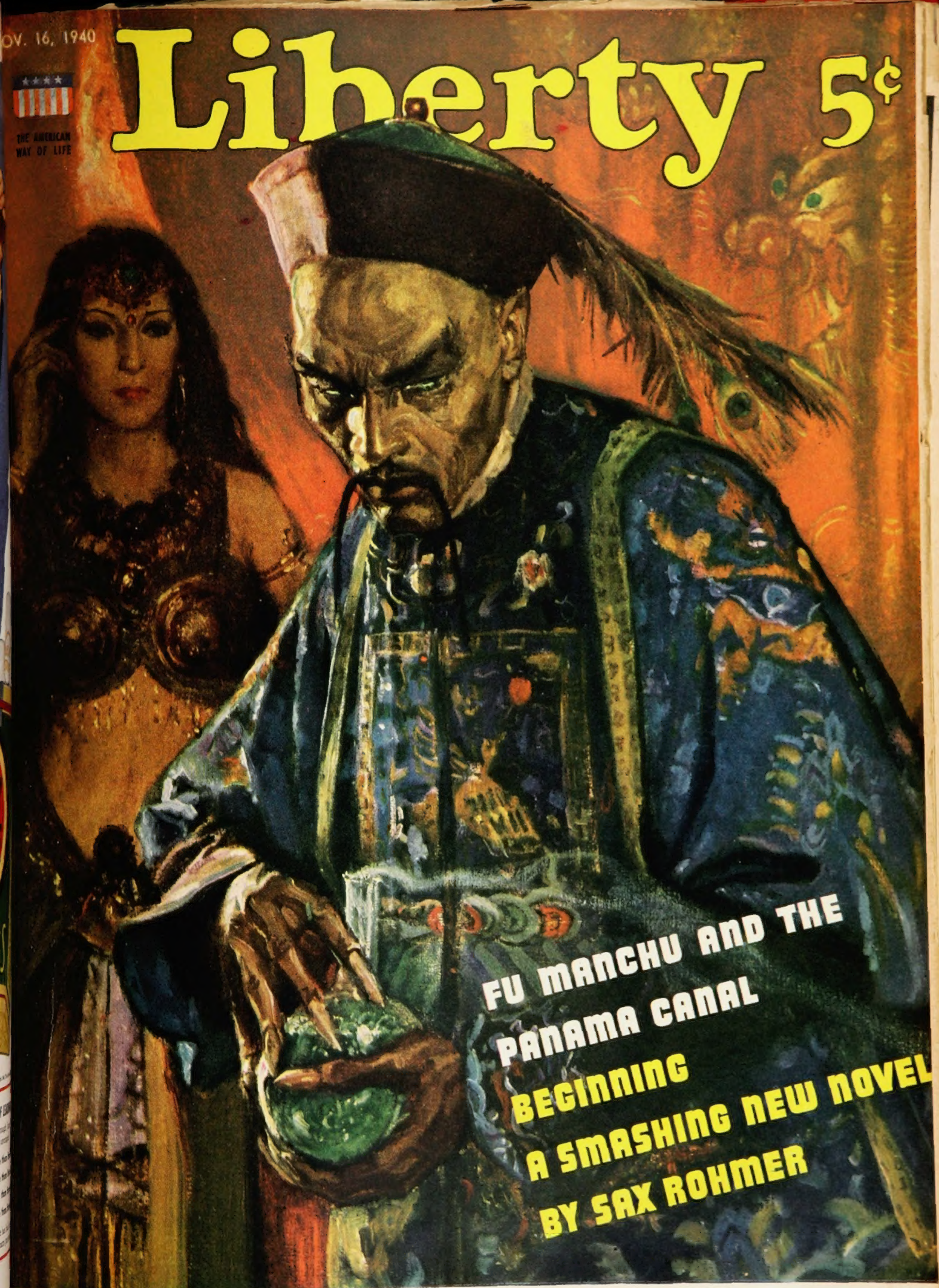
OV. 16, 1940

Liberty 5¢

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE



FU MANCHU AND THE PANAMA CANAL
BEGINNING
A SMASHING NEW NOVEL
BY SAX ROHMER

WHY HITLER WATCHED OUR ELECTION by Wythe Williams

Gift to win a man-

this smart, sturdy Elgin "De Luxe" chosen by Nile Kinnick. 17 jewels. No. 5503A. $45.00

"I've teamed up with Elgin De Luxe..... a real All-American"

says **NILE KINNICK**, Iowa '40

Trim . . . handsome. 17 jewels. No. 5507A. $42.50

Unusual design. Matching band. 17 jewels. No. 5702B. $39.75

Smartly squared Rose dial. 17 jewels. No. 5705G. $37.50

See the newest Christmas Elgins at your jeweler's now. Ask about his budget or lay-away plan of purchase.

Here's the newest member of ELGIN'S Christmas gift team. Accuracy and smartness make the ELGIN "De Luxe" chosen by Nile Kinnick a real stand-out.

All the new "De Luxe" ELGINS boast the same careful workmanship—the same inherent good taste. Beneath each shining case beats the famous 17-jewel ELGIN movement.

ALL-AMERICAN *Nile Kinnick starred as passer, kicker, runner, blocker and defensive back on the great Iowa team of '39. He was class president — was elected to Phi Beta Kappa—majored in economics—and is now studying law. "My Elgin carries on a family tradition started by Grandfather," he says.*

And two advances make these adjusted timepieces more dependable than ever—the Elginium hairspring* and Beryl-X balance. Each is rustproof, non-magnetic, unaffected by temperature or climatic changes.

American craftsmen have given unstintingly to the newest ELGINS. Into them have gone the finest of materials. Leading American designers have lavished new beauty on them. Every ELGIN is completely created under one roof in the world's largest fine-watch factory. Your ELGIN "De Luxe" awaits you at your jeweler's, priced from $37.50. Lord and Lady Elgins from $50.00. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Dainty case with 2 diamonds. 17 jewels. No. 5002A. $47.50

Graceful loops, matching bracelet. 17 jewels. No. 5004B. $39.75

Authentically styled. 17 jewels. No. 5009A. $37.50

New rose gold-filled model. 17 jewels. No. 5005E. $37.50

*Patents No. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

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★ ELGIN ★

CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES

FOR SPORT . . . FOR BUSINESS . . . FOR DRESS

NOVEMBER 16, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 46

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

LET'S HOLD ON TO AMERICANISM

BERNARR MACFADDEN

My interest in this election has been due to a fervent desire for the maintenance of American principles of government. I have always refused to be branded with a party label.

The principles of political parties are rarely maintained from one election to another. The Democratic Party platform of 1932 is not in any way similar to that advocated in the last election.

The New Deal has, to a large extent, cast aside the principles of the Constitution. Although they are building a huge monument, to the cost of three quarters of a million dollars, in honor of Thomas Jefferson in Washington at this time, their governmental principles are in no way similar to those advocated by this great leader.

It is of no special importance to me which party is in power at Washington, provided they respect their oath of office and confine themselves within Constitutional limits.

We are being hampered and restricted by innumerable laws, and if these laws were made by Congress there would be no just cause for complaint; but we have scores of bureaus whose officials make their own laws, which they call rules and regulations, and play the role of prosecutor, judge, and jury. This indeed smacks of the worst type of Hitlerism.

Congress has no Constitutional right to delegate lawmaking powers to these various bureaus. The very first article in the Constitution definitely confines lawmaking privileges to Congress alone. This privilege cannot be legally passed on to individuals or groups.

The wise authors of our Constitution saw the dangers in dictatorial powers, and that was the reason for separating the legislative, the administrative and executive, and the judiciary into three different groups, entirely separate from each other. But the Washington bureaus entirely disregarded this fundamental principle so definitely presented in our Constitution.

I think that Americanism, as laid down for us in our Constitution, should be preserved, and, regardless of the results of the recent election, every thoughtful citizen will undoubtedly endorse the importance of holding on to the principles that have brought us such miraculous rewards.

I have no intention of discontinuing our fight for a strict adherence to the rules laid down by our Constitution. The results of this election will not in any way affect our efforts.

Never before in the history of our country has the investing public lost confidence in the stability of our government. That is the main cause for our appalling unemployment record.

If intelligent efforts could be made with a view to balancing the budget, the billions of capital now lying in frozen securities or hidden away in banks or elsewhere would be invested in business requiring additional employees; but the rigid and unnecessary restrictions that are now hampering business everywhere would have to be radically altered. You can't compel an investor to risk his money. We haven't reached that stage as yet.

The fantastic schemes that were tried to quickly remedy the depression proved to be ghastly failures. "Priming the pump," "spending ourselves into prosperity" was a species of schoolroom philosophy that was doomed to failure in the beginning.

Americanism gives us the liberty that we all crave and which we are losing at a rapid rate under the direction of the advocates of the New Deal. The Constitution has guided us accurately and profitably, and when we cast aside the principles that it defines so clearly we are like a ship without a well trained navigator; we are on our way but we don't know where we're going.

Let us hope that a tendency to ignore the wisdom manifested in this marvelous document will be discontinued. We should cast aside the Communistic poison that has filtered through many official sources.

Let us get out in the clear, follow a tried and true system that we know from an experience lasting over a century and a half can be trusted to lead us into the sunlight where prosperity dwells. We have enjoyed this rich heritage in the past. We can find it again—in Americanism.

Bernarr Macfadden

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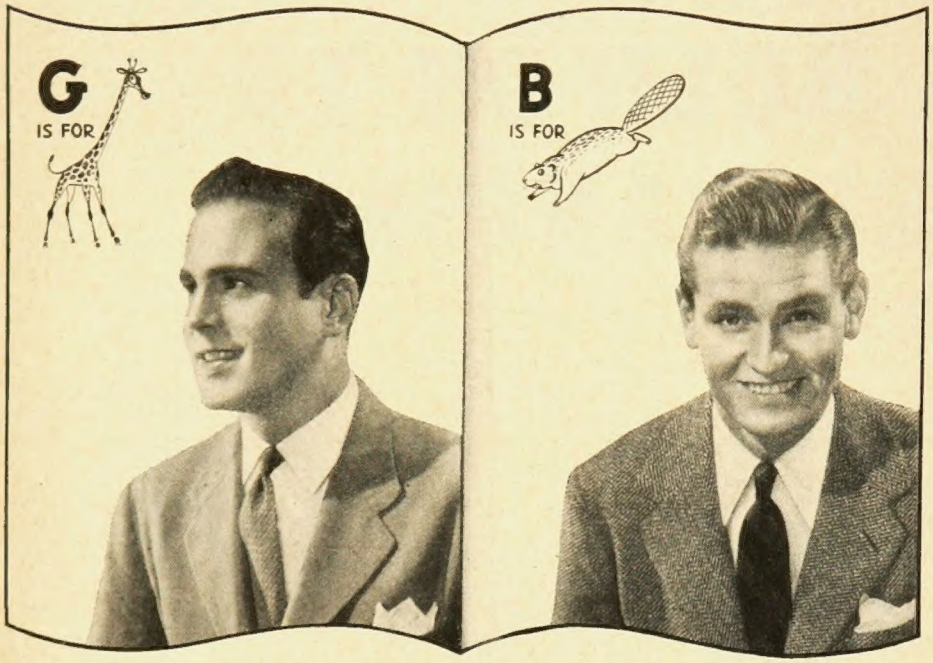
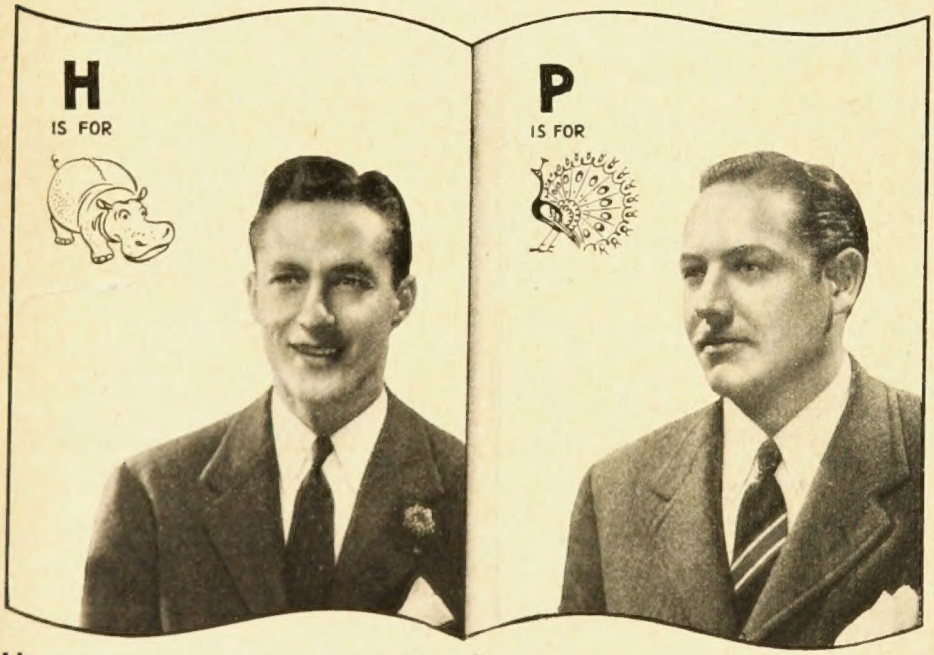
Lessons for men from a child's picture book



G. MEN WITH LONG NECKS may look giraffe-like in the *wrong* collar. They can side-step this in Arrow's Sussex shirt. Its widespread collar makes necks look shorter, handsomer! $2.

B. MEN WITH SHORT NECKS may look beaver-like in the wrong collar. They can avoid this with the Arrow Bruce shirt. Its low band, long-point collar makes necks seem longer, thinner! $2.



H. MEN WHOSE COLLARS wrinkle like a hippo's neck should get Arrow Dale. Its collar won't wilt all day! Like *all* Arrows, Dale is Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). $2.50.

P. MEN FEEL PROUD as peacocks in Arrow Shirts! Arrow's exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit is shaped the way a man is built. A big favorite is Arrow Gordon Oxford, with button-down collar. $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

CARUSO EXPLAINS SALUTE

CHICAGO, ILL.—*Re* Salute Was Photographed (September 14 Vox Pop), you might have informed Mr. C. L. Thomas of the real reason for the officer's type of salute in the illustration of Why I Cannot Hate Hitler.

The officer in question is Colonel General von Brauchitsch (you pronounce it!). Now, von Brauchitsch is an officer of the old Imperial German Army, and the army always gives the *military* salute. The straight-arm Nazi salute is given by Nazis—in their various denominations.

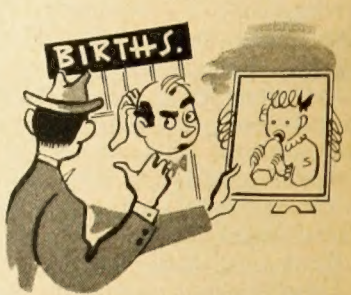
But—horrors!—the salute given is nothing like the good old U. S. army salute! Mr. C. L. Thomas does not, apparently, know the U. S. army salute; so I shall endeavor to tell him. The upper part of the right arm is held horizontally and at right angle with the shoulder, making a horizontal and straight line across the chest, the forearm, wrist, and hand in an absolutely straight line from the elbow to the right corner of the right eyebrow. The palm of the right hand must be down, the fingers must be straight, absolutely, and the thumb flush with the hand.

I know. I went to Culver.—*Enrico Caruso, Jr.*

IS IT SO IN YOUR TOWN?

RICHMOND, IND.—Definitions not in the dictionary: Here in this town an alien is a person without a birth certificate; a citizen is a person with naturalization papers.

Well, that's the way it is in these here United States. Just try getting



your birth certificate and see for yourself.—*A. F. Ridenour.*

LIFT FOR ONE OFFICE WIFE

EL PASO, TEX.—Thanks and thanks again for Do You Fear Your Husband's Office Wife? (September 28 Liberty.) I'm so glad to know some one has had the nerve to be so bold as to say that

there are two sides to this case. We stenographers have had the other side shoved in our faces so often we had begun to think we were a pretty low class.

I felt so much like a better citizen after reading this article that I asked for the afternoon off—and got it.—*(Miss) Frances Smith.*

¶ **"When I noticed that you planned to run a Constitution Quiz to stir up interest in that document, I, as a former teacher, as a former soldier, as a citizen, applauded the move," says Clarence D. MacGregor of Carlisle, Pennsylvania.**

SMILING IS A LOST ART

SANTA ANA, CALIF.—Are we become a nation of grinners? Or am I unfortunate in my choice of reading? Time

was that men and women, babies too, smiled at me from the written page. Now they grin. They *all* grin. Apparently smiling is a lost art. A few years ago the small boy grinned, the villain grinned villainously. Every one else smiled.

The action in most magazine stories is made up of grinning, cocktailing, smoking.—*C. S. McCandless, Sr.*

¶ **Announces Meyer H. Landay of Washington, D. C.: "As Jack Dempsey feels (September 28 Vox Pop) so do I regarding a Cabinet post of Secretary of Health being made and Mr. Macfadden appointed to fill it."**

THE OL' HEART TWINGES

TULSA, OKLA.—You Don't Understand Love, by Francis M. Cockrell (September 14 Liberty), certainly has an appropriate title. Obviously Mr. Cockrell doesn't understand love either.

How two people as positively different as Kay and Eddie could fall victims of the ol' heart twinges is unimaginable, but their taking the advice of Kay's father and not marrying strikes the final false note.—*Amaneita Whitten.*

(Continued on page 6)

A NEW INVENTION! only ZENITH has this Secret of TRUE TONE MASTERY IT'S DIFFERENT!

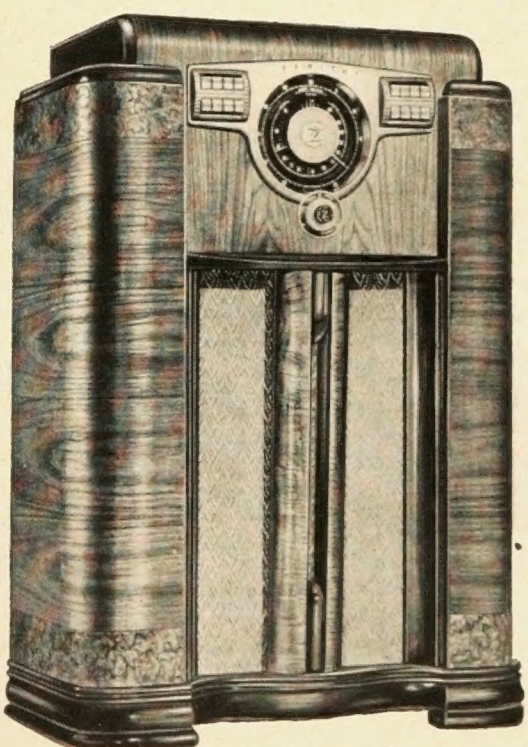
Radiorgan--

Another new Zenith invention to climax a quarter century of Zenith "Famous First" features in radio...Radiorgan...finger-tip-controlled on the organ principle...and only Zenith has this!

Unbelievable Tone Mastery Is Yours

You may press in and pull out the "stops" of the Radiorgan to your heart's content. Thus you may obtain an endless variety of "acoustic symmetries." *You* become the master of tone . . . *you* choose the amazing tonal effects you desire with any kind of music—orchestra, strings, brasses, drums, vocal . . . as you wish . . . when you wish, like the conductor of a great orchestra or a mighty chorus! You command . . . Radiorgan obeys.

Radiorgan's brilliant response to your touch is an experience you will not easily forget. You will discover a *new tone faithfulness in radio* . . . a sense of mastery over music not possible with any other radio in exactly the same thrilling way.



Under No Other Name But Zenith can you obtain a radio with Radiorgan. An exclusive Zenith discovery. Don't buy until you see and hear the new 1941 Zeniths with Radiorgan and many other equally sensational exclusive Zenith features at authorized Zenith dealers everywhere.

73 Models . . . Prices from $14.95* up
Radiorgan Models Start at $39.95*

ZENITH RADIORGAN
MODEL 12-S-568

12 powerful tubes, including two heater cathode rectifier tubes, full Radiorgan, automatic tuning, domestic and direct foreign reception, beautiful tone, lovely cabinet. *List Price* **$99.95***

*Pacific Coast prices slightly higher.

ZENITH *LONG DISTANCE* RADIO

For over five years only Zenith has guaranteed "Europe, South America or the Orient every day or your money back." *(on short wave sets)*

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

NEVER WASTE anti-freeze in a dirty radiator. It's expensive—and dangerous! Clean out rust, sludge, sediment and scale *before* you add anti-freeze. You can do it yourself with Sani-Flush. It costs only 10c (25c for the largest truck or tractor).

If you prefer, ask your service station to do the job for you with Sani-Flush. Be sure and be safe. This chemical compound cannot injure motor or fittings. It opens the delicate veins of the radiator. Motors run cool. Power is saved. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush SAFE NOT CAUSTIC
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

—WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH-PRICED ?
Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
20 FOR 25¢
SINGLE EDGE 15 FOR 25¢
GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.
FREE: WEEK'S SUPPLY · SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE · WRITE TODAY!

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FREE . . . WRITE FOR BICYCLE CATALOG
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Lightning in the Night Hits Home

MOBILE, ALA.—What has become of our red-blooded Americans? The frightful picture painted in Lightning in the Night (August 24 *et seq.* Liberty) is no doubt a pretty accurate picture of what will happen here if the tyrants are allowed to win. Since the United States has known the tyrants' intent for six years, why in heck aren't we fighting to destroy them now, instead of waiting to be destroyed?—*Charles Whitney.*

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—The picture of our cities being destroyed, our government fleeing, and our White House in flames may make interesting reading to some, but to a lot of us the idea is too tragic to be played with.—*Mrs. Nell Wilson.*

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—Just thinking how pleased the German High Command must be to have General Bullard and other high officials of the United States pointing out our weakest points and showing the easiest way and with what weapons to attack when the time comes. This will save them considerable scouting—and how they must be laughing up their sleeves at all the naïve things our country says and does!—*Mary Skinner.*

PEORIA, ILL.—Could it be conceivable for Liberty to show a little more patriotism and a little less thought of their subscription list in this crisis? Alarmist propaganda—for instance, the so-called successor to The Red Napoleon, which it disgraces by the odious comparison—is good "reader interest" but subversive to any real Americanism, despite its hypocritical guise.—*B. E. Wrigley, Jr.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have never commented upon any of your articles or stories before, but after reading the latest chapter of Lighting in the Night I'm ready to explode! The story should be put into book form (paper cover or otherwise) and people made to read it—not only read it but study it—and profit by it!

I hope that not even a small part of this story will ever come true, but—we must all pull together.—*Karla Vann.*

BREVARD, N. C.—I have no idea of the extent of Mr. Fred Allhoff's imagination, but if he can't credit the United States with a better and more efficient defense of our Canal and Island possessions in five years than he foresees in his story Lightning in the Night, I believe it's time for our army and navy heads to resign and make room for some constructive men with foresight and imagination.—*Frank Sansosto.*

[Hosts of other readers expressed similar diverse opinions, and we regret our lack of space in not being able to present their thousand and one sidelights on this stirring story.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

EASY FOR THE IRISH!

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—Pigskin Prophecies (October 5 Liberty) is a little bit cockeyed, I'm thinkin'. I grant that Texas A. & M. is a top-rate eleven and that U. S. C. and the rest will be in there pitchin', but where in the name of Mike does Notre Dame come in?

Mr. Sper states, "Notre Dame must find eight new regulars, not an easy assignment."

The Irish can come through shy *eleven* regulars. Don't kid yourself, Mr. Sper. The spirit of "Old Rock" still travels with the Irish, so watch 'em go.—*Wouldn't It Frost Ya.*

JAP STARS AND STRIPES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dorothy Helms writes of United States flags labeled "Made in Italy." (September 28 Vox Pop.) About four years ago, at the Oklahoma Club in Oklahoma City (where Dorothy lives), I attended a Washington's Birthday dinner of the Sons of the American Revolution, at which each square of ice cream was decorated with a little flag of the United States bearing a paper tag marked "Made in Japan."—*Edward Ferris.*

"Once more through the park, pal."

OFF HER PERCH!

MEDFORD, MASS.—Time was when woman lived upon a pinnacle. Man liked to keep her there, for the mother of man must not be defiled by mundane affairs.

However, woman looked down upon man and said: "He circulates freely; there are no 'must nots' for him." Envious, she cried, "I will not have it

so! I shall step down from my lofty perch and what man does, that I too shall do. It shall not be denied me to descend as low as any man if it so pleases me."

Has woman lost more than she gained? Could she regain the pinnacle if she so desired?—*Mrs. Lillian Griffis.*

UP FRONT

KROTZ SPRINGS, LA.—For two whole days I raged and roared up and around the plant where I am employed. All the boys wondered why a usually calm sort of fellow should become so upset—and without notice, too.

Man and boy, I have begun reading Liberty astern. Vox Pop has always had my attention first whenever Liberty was in my possession. And you, my fine friend, have spread it over half a dozen pages or so. I almost didn't find "him." Can't you restore it to its former position, or at least give "him" a couple of pages some place? Bet the old fellow is plenty hot at you.—*Vernon P. Bordelon.*

JACKSON, MISS.—Many thanks for bringing Vox Pop to the front; but what are you going to do about Mr. Fulton Oursler's Back Page? I never did like to start reading a magazine from the back.—*C. D. Hayes.*

JOE MEDWICK ISN'T A BABY

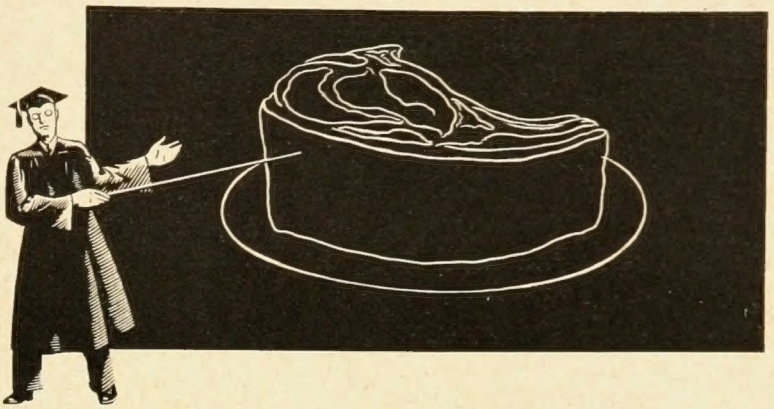
ROGERS, ARK.—There is a place in baseball for the bean ball. Joe Medwick isn't a baby and he's getting a good salary to duck a few balls a day. Naturally he'd like to see the bean ball eliminated (September 28 Liberty).

If you let a batter like Joe get a toe hold he'll hit almost anything a pitcher can serve him. Outlaw the bean ball so Joe can bat 500, says Joe Medwick. If baseball's getting too rough for him, why doesn't he quit?—*E. Nelson.*

¶ **"Often I have thought," says F. L. Taylor of Kalamazoo, Michigan, "that a good slogan would be: Liberty Is Best Every Reader Tells You.**

How Smart Are You About MEAT?

A modern health quiz about a modern food



1. What big health news about meat was recently discovered by scientists?
2. If you were picking the most digestible meat to serve a family with growing children, which of the following would you choose? Beef ☐ Pork ☐ Lamb ☐ Veal ☐
3. Has any civilized person ever lived exclusively on meat? Why?
4. Why is it now less of a hardship to go on a reducing diet?
5. When is a protein complete?
6. In which of the following conditions do you think meat could be included as an important part of the diet? Bright's disease ☐ High blood pressure ☐ Tuberculosis ☐ Arthritis ☐ Anemia ☐
7. This is easy for mothers. How old are babies ordinarily before they get meat in the diet?
8. A porterhouse steak contains more health elements than stewing beef. Is this statement True ☐ False ☐

Now look at the answers

1. The big health news is the discovery that meat is especially rich in certain vitamins—particularly the Vitamin B group, including Vitamin B-1 (thiamine).

2. You could choose any one of them and not go wrong—because, as tests prove, all meats are easily and equally well digested.

3. Yes—the explorer-scientist, Stefansson and his colleague, Anderson, lived exclusively and healthfully on meat for *one* year under strict scientific observation. Their purpose was to disprove once and for all the old wives' tale of the harmful effect of "too much meat".

4. Because the modern reducing diets prescribed by physicians allow a liberal amount of lean meat, you can lose weight without developing that haggard look and "always-hungry" feeling. Lean meat helps keep up your strength and satisfies you.

5. Scientists call a protein "complete" when it contains the ten essential amino acids. Meat is one of the foods that contains in liberal amounts all of these body building essentials which truly make proteins the "building blocks of the body."

6. If you guessed for only anemia, you are only one-fifth right. Diets liberal in meat are now recommended by modern physicians for patients with, not one, but any of these ailments.

7. Oftentimes meat soup is prescribed by child specialists as early as the fifth month and the baby gets bacon and other meats before the end of the first year.

8. The statement is false. It is a fallacy among many housewives that the expensive cuts are more nourishing. The fact is that the less known cuts, not only of beef, but of lamb, pork and veal are just as nutritious as the fancier ones, often even richer in flavor.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago

Good News About Stews

Nothing stretches the flavor of meat so much as stew, whether it's beef, lamb or veal. Here are some of the secrets:

1. Cut meat in cubes of uniform thickness. 2. Keep it colorful, rather than "pale," by browning the meat in a skillet beforehand. 3. Cook gently and keep closed while cooking. 4. Give it new color and flavor interest by using vegetables other than carrots, potatoes and onions—for example, green beans, limas and celery. For added interest, slice the vegetables in strips. 5. Season it properly. For example, add a few whole cloves or a bay leaf. *Your meat man will help you select the proper "stew meat."*

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

PART ONE—A SINISTER ENEMY . . AND A GIRL IN THE SHADOWS

THEN you have no idea where Nayland Smith is?" said my famous guest.

I carried his empty glass to the buffet and refilled it.

"Two cables from him found me at Helsinki," I replied: "the first from Kingston, Jamaica, the second from New York."

"Ah! Jamaica and New York. Off his usual stamping ground. Nothing since?"

"Nothing."

"Sure that he isn't back home?"

"Quite. His flat in Whitehall is closed."

I set the whisky-and-soda before Sir Lionel Barton and passed my pouch, for he was scraping out his brier. My dining room seemed altogether too small to hold this huge overbearing man with a lion's mane of tawny hair streaked with white, piercing blue eyes shadowed by craggy brows. He had the proper personality for one of his turbulent, brilliant reputation; the greatest Orientalist in Europe is expected to be unusual.

"Do you know, Kerrigan"—he stuffed Rhodesian tobacco into his pipe as though he had been charging a howitzer— "I have known Smith longer than you, and although I missed the last brush with Fu Manchu—"

"Well?"

"Old Smith and I have been out against him together in the past. To tell you the truth"—he stood up and began to walk about— "I have an idea that we have not seen the last of that Chinese devil."

"Why?" I asked, and tried to speak as casually as was possible.

"Suppose he's here again—in England."

Sir Lionel's voice was rising to those trumpet tones which betrayed his army training; I was conscious of growing excitement.

"Suppose, just for argument's sake, that I have certain reasons to believe that he is. Well—would you sleep soundly tonight? What would it mean? It would mean that, apart from Germany, we had another enemy to deal with—an enemy whose insects, bacteria, stranglers, strange poisons could do more harm in a week than Hitler's army could do in a year!"

He took a long drink. I did not speak.

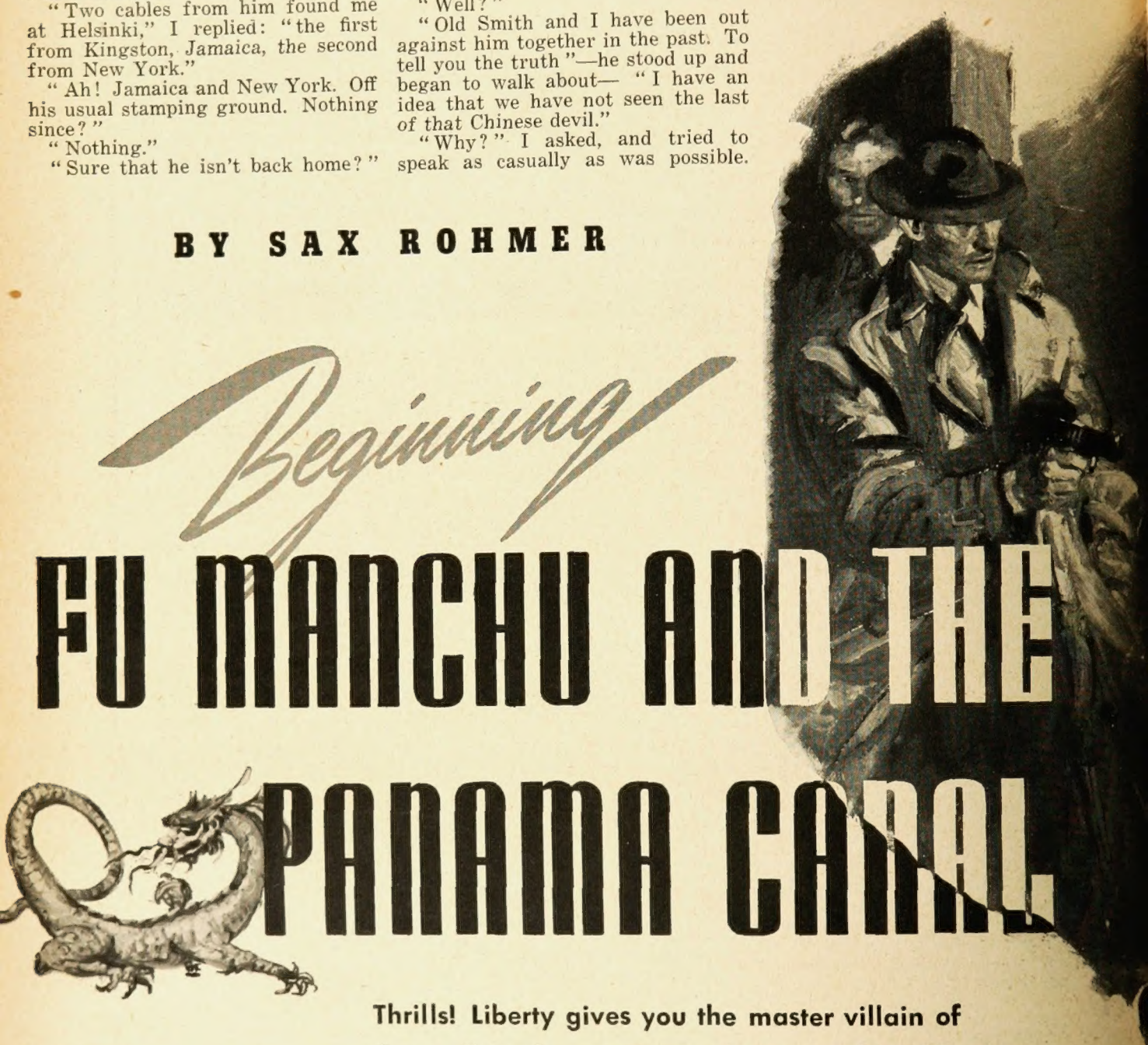
"You"—he lowered his voice—"have a personal interest in the matter. You accepted the assignment to cover the Finnish campaign because—"

I nodded.

"Check me when I go wrong and stop me if I'm treading on a corn. There was a girl—wasn't Ardatha the name? She belonged to the nearly extinct white race (I was the first man to describe them, by the way) which still survives in Abyssinia."

"Yes. She vanished after Smith and I left Paris, at the end of Fu

BY SAX ROHMER



Beginning FU MANCHU AND THE PANAMA CANAL

Thrills! Liberty gives you the master villain of them all in the strangest adventure of his life

Manchu's battle to put an end to dictators. Nearly two years ago."

Ardatha had brought romance into my life such as no one was entitled to expect. She was gone. Barton understood.

He began to pace up and down, smoking furiously.

His words had set my brain on fire. I wondered if an image was before his mental vision — the same vision which was before mine: a tall, lean, catlike figure; a close-shaven head, a mathematical brow, emerald-green eyes which sometimes became filmed strangely; a voice in its guttural intensity so masterful that Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon might have animated it: Dr. Fu Manchu, embodiment of the finest intellect in the modern world.

"You must realize," I said, "that you have stirred up—"

"I know, I know! I am the last man to raise hopes which may never materialize. But the fact that Nayland Smith has been in the West Indies practically clinches the matter. I threw myself on your hospitality, Kerrigan, because, to be quite frank, I was afraid to go to a hotel—"

"What!"

"Yes—and my town house, as you know, went to the auctioneer's on the day war started. Very well. In the small suitcase—all the baggage I carry—is something for which I know Dr. Fu Manchu has been searching for many years! Since I got hold of it there have been some uncommonly queer happenings up at my place in Norfolk. In fact, things got so hot that I bolted!"

I stood up and walked across to the window; excitement grew in my brain by leaps and bounds. There was no man whom I feared as I feared the brilliant Chinese doctor—

Smith threw open the door. Dr. Oster looked up. I cannot recall pressing the trigger.

but, if Ardatha lived, Fu Manchu was the one and only link by means of which I might find her.

"Go on," I said. "I am all attention."

Gray wintry dusk was settling over Kensington Gardens. Few figures moved on the path which led from the gate nearly opposite to the Round Pond. At any moment now would come the mournful call of a park keeper, "All out!" And with the locking of the gates began the long night of blackout.

"I know why Smith has been to the Caribbean," Barton went on. "There's something in that bag which would have saved him the journey. The United States government— Hello! What's wrong?"

A figure was standing at the park gate looking up at my window—a girl who wore a hooded cape. I suppose I uttered an exclamation as I clutched the ledge and stared across the road.

"What is it, Kerrigan?" cried Barton. "What is it?"

"It's Ardatha!" I whispered.

I DOUBT if any man ever descended a long flight of dark stairs faster than I did. A pulse was throbbing in my head. Yet, as I threw the door open and ran out, already the hooded figure had vanished.

Then, as I raced across to the gate, I saw her. She had turned back into the park and was just passing out of the shadow of a big tree near the corner where a path at right angles crossed that leading to the Round Pond. Normally Bayswater Road at this hour would have been a race track, but war had muted the song of London and few vehicles were on the road.

I continued to run.

"Ardatha!" I cried. "Ardatha!"

Step by step I was overtaking her. Not another pedestrian was in sight.

"Ardatha!"

I was no more than twenty yards behind as she paused and looked back. In spirit she was already in my arms, her kiss on my lips—when she turned swiftly and began to run!

For one incalculable moment I stood stock-still.

Astonishment, mortification, anger fought for precedence in my mind. What, in sanity's name, could be the meaning of her behavior? I was about to cry out again, but instead I set out in pursuit.

She had reached the path which surrounds the pond before I really got into my stride. In Rugby days I had been counted one of the fastest men in the pack; but even allowing for loss of form, due to my recent serious illness, an amazing fact was evident: Ardatha was outrunning me easily; she ran with the speed of a young antelope!

Then, from near by, came the expected mournful cry: "All out!"

I saw the park keeper at about the same moment that I accepted defeat in the race. I pulled up, breathing heavily, and shrugged my shoulders. That lithe figure was already a phantom in the misty distance. Such a cloud of despair succeeded to the wild joy I had known at sight of Ardatha, such a madness of frustration, that I frankly think I was on the verge of tears.

Already London grew silent at the touch of night. There and then I knew that the mystery of Ardatha's reappearance, and of her flight, belonged to the greater and darker mystery which was Dr. Fu Manchu.

A sense of evil impending, of some unwelcome truth fighting for admission, oppressed me. When I left Kensington Gardens and heard the gate locked behind me, I stood for a while looking across at my windows.

There was a light in the writing room and the blinds were not drawn. Except for a big Sunshine just turning into Craven Terrace, there was no near-by traffic. As I ran across, fumbling for my keys, subconsciously I noted the number plate of the car: BXH77. It was rememberable, and I was in that troubled mood when one notes trivialities.

Opening the door, I hurried upstairs. I had much to tell Barton—and much to learn from him. The whole current of my life had changed. I remember that I banged my front door and dashed into the lighted workroom.

Standing by the desk was a tall thin man, his face tropically brown, his hair nearly white at the temples and his keen eyes fixed upon me. I pulled up suddenly.

It was Nayland Smith!

"Smith—Smith! I was never so glad to see any man in my life!"

He wrung my hand hard, watching me with those questing eyes; but his expression was stern to grimness.

"What has become of Barton?" I asked.

Smith positively glared at me.

"Barton!" he exclaimed. "*Barton!* Was Barton here?"

"I left him here."

He dashed his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Great guns, Kerrigan!" he cried. "And you left your front door open—for so I found it. I have been searching London for Barton, and now—"

My fears, sorrows, forebodings in that instant became crystallized in a dreadful certainty.

"Smith, do you mean—"

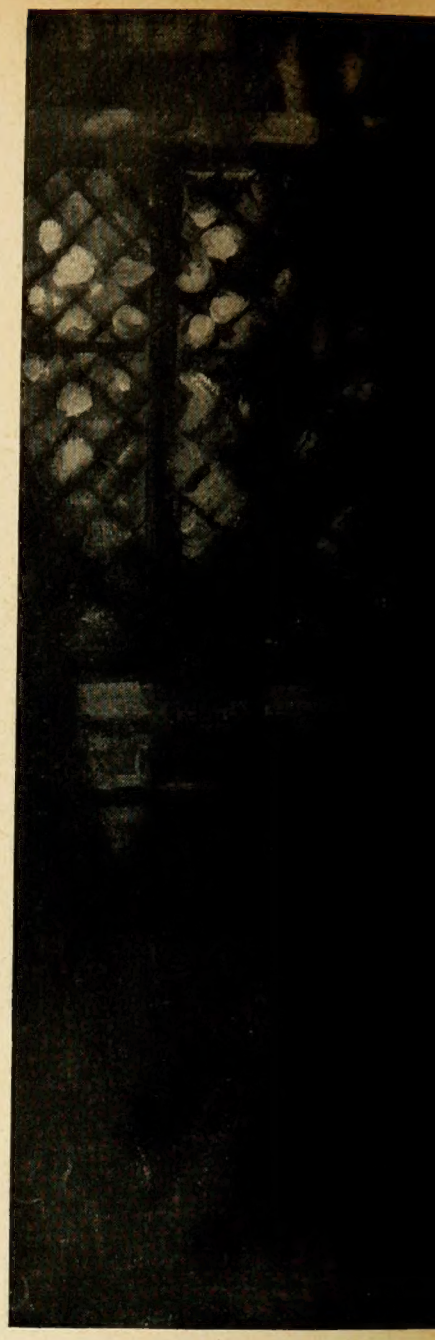
"I do, Kerrigan!" He spoke in a low voice. "Fu Manchu is in London . . . and he's got Barton!"

SMITH went racing into the spare bedroom. In broken syllables I had told my tale. At the threshold, as I switched on the lights, we both pulled up. The room was in wild disorder!

"You see, Kerrigan—you see!" cried Smith. "It was a ruse to get you out of the house. Poor Barton put up a fight, by heaven! Look at that smashed chair!"

"His bag is gone!"

Smith nodded, knelt and began



ferreting about among the wreckage.

I saw that my iron poker lay half under an armchair! Taking it up, I uttered an exclamation.

"Smith—look!"

The poker was bent in an unmistakable, significant manner. Smith grabbed it, held it under the bedside lamp.

"Barton is a powerful man," he said. "Something snapped when that poker was bent! Amazing that no one heard the row."

"Not at all. The rest of the house is empty, and my daily charwoman was gone before Barton arrived."

My voice sounded dull in my ears. Ardatha had lured me away, and my poor friend had been left alone to fight for his life . . . Ardatha—

"There are other curious features, Kerrigan."

"Barton's bag is gone!" I repeated. "He told me it contained something which would have saved you a journey to the Caribbean."

"Ah!" He stood up. "As I ex-

I noted the number plate of the car: BXH77. Opening the door, I hurried upstairs.

pected. They came for the chart. Barton put up a fight. Now—if they killed him, why carry a heavy body down all those stairs and run the risk of meeting a policeman outside? If he survived, where is he?"

My flat had become a theater of sinister drama. As Smith and I ran from room to room, sharing a common dread, the possibility that we should come upon Barton's body checked me more than once. It was Smith who opened the big store cupboard, Smith who explored an old oak wardrobe.

We found no trace.

A bell had begun to ring.

"Street door!" I cried.

"Down you go, Kerrigan. Have you got a gun?"

"No—but I'll get one."

I hurried to my desk, slipped a friendly old Colt into my pocket, and went down. Smith, using a pocket torch, was already crawling about on the landing, peering at the carpet.

When I reached the front door and threw it open, I don't quite know what I expected to find there. I found a constable.

"Is this your house, sir?" he asked gruffly.

"No—but I occupy a flat on the second floor."

"Well, then it's you I want to see. It's ten minutes after blackout time and you have lights blazing from all your windows!"

So completely had the handiwork of the satanic genius, Dr. Fu Manchu, disturbed us that Smith and I (he an ex-Commissioner of Scotland Yard) had utterly forgotten regulations and had offended against the law!

"Good heavens, you're right!" I exclaimed. "We must be mad. The fact is, constable, there have been queer happenings here, and—"

"None of my business, sir. If you will go up and draw all the blinds in the first place, I shall then have to take your name and—"

From behind me came a sound of running footsteps.

"He was not carried out, Kerrigan," came Smith's voice. "But there's blood on the third stair from the bottom and there are spots on the paving— What the devil's this?"

"A serious business, sir," the constable began, but he stared in a bewildered way. "All the lights—"

Smith muttered something and then produced a card which he thrust into the constable's hand.

"Possibly before your time," he said rapidly, "but you'll still remember the name."

THE constable directed his light onto the card, stared at Smith, and then saluted.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "if I've butted in on something more important; but I was just obeying orders."

"Good enough," snapped Smith. "I switched off everything before I came down." He paused, staring at the stupefied man; and then: "What time did you come on duty?" he asked.

"Half an hour ago, sir."

"And you have been in sight of this door how long?"

The constable stared as if Smith's question had been a reprimand. I sympathized with the man, a freckled young fellow with straightforward blue eyes, keen on his job, and one to whom the name of Sir Denis Nayland Smith was a name to conjure with.

"I know what you're thinking, sir, but I can explain my delay," he said.

Smith snapped his fingers irritably, and I saw that a hope had died.

"It was a car running onto the pavement in Craven Terrace," the man went on. "There was something funny about the business and I took full particulars before I let 'em go." He delved in a back pocket and produced a notebook. "Here are my notes. It was a Sunshine—"

Odd are the workings of the human brain! I muttered mechanically:

"BXH77."

"That's it, sir!" the constable cried.

"One moment," rapped Smith. "Tell me, Kerrigan, how you happen to know the number of this car."

I told him that a Sunshine bearing that number had turned from the main road into Craven Terrace as I had crossed to the door.

"Quick, constable!" He was suddenly on fire. "Your notes. What was suspicious about BXH77?"

"Well, sir, I have the particulars here." The man studied his notebook. "The car barged right onto the pavement and pulled up with a jerk about ten yards in front of me. Several people from neighboring shops ran out. When I arrived I saw that the driver, a foreign-looking man, had fainted at the wheel. In

some way which I couldn't make out —because it wasn't a serious crash— he had broken his arm—"

"Left or right?"

"Left, sir. It was hanging down limp. He was also bleeding from a cut on the head."

"Yes. Go on."

"In the back I found a doctor and a patient he was removing to hospital. The patient seemed in a bad way —a big powerful man he was, with reddish hair streaked with white; he was only half conscious and the doctor was trying to soothe him. A mental case—"

"Do you understand, Kerrigan?" cried Smith.

"Of course, Smith! I understand too well!"

"Describe the doctor," Smith said crisply.

The constable cleared his throat, and then:

"He had a very yellow face," he replied; "as yellow as a lemon. He wore spectacles with black rims, and was a shortish, heavily built man. He was not English."

"His name?"

"Here's his card, sir."

As Smith took the card:

"H'm!" he muttered. "Dr. Rudolph Oster, 101 Wimpole Street, W. 1. Is there such a practitioner?"

"I was on my way to a call box when I saw all the lights blazing upstairs, sir. I was going to ask this gentleman to allow me to use his phone."

"Have you got the doctor's number?"

"Yes, sir: Langham 09365."

"Efficient work, constable," said Smith. "I'll see that it is recognized."

The man's freckled face flushed.

"Thank you, sir. It's very kind of you."

"How did the matter end?" I asked excitedly.

"We got the car back onto the road, and I helped to lift the chauffeur from the driving seat and put him in the back. That was when I noticed his arm—when he began to come to."

"How did the patient behave?" Smith asked.

"He lay back muttering. Dr. Oster explained that it was important to get him to a safe place before he recovered from the effects of an injection he had given him."

Smith uttered a sound like a groan and beat his fist into the palm of his hand.

"A suitcase marked L. B. was beside the driver. It was covered with foreign labels. The doctor took the wheel and drove off—"

"At what time?" snapped Smith.

"According to my watch, sir, at seven thirteen—that is, exactly five minutes ago."

"STOP for nothing," Smith cried to the driver, "short of murder! Use your horn. No regulations apply. Move!"

I had had a glimpse of the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police which had been a revelation. Within the last six minutes we had learned that Dr. Oster was a naturalized British subject, a dermatologist, and was not at home; that BXH77 had been held up for using an improperly masked headlight by a constable on duty in Baker Street; that Dr. Oster, who was driving, said that he was taking a patient to a private clinic at North Gate, Regent's Park. Five motorcyclists were out, and every police officer and warden in that area had been advised.

NAYLAND SMITH was too tensed up for ordinary conversation, but he jerked out a staccato summary as we sped through the blackout; for this London was a place of mystery, a city hushed; the heart of the world beating slowly, darkly.

"The United States has realized that the Panama Canal has two ends. Strange incidents in the Caribbean. Disappearances. Officers sent to West Indies to investigate. Never returned. Secret submarine base. I followed Fu Manchu to Jamaica. Lost him in Cuba. Barton has picked up some clue to the site of this base. Suspected before I left. Certain now. Got the facts in Norfolk only this morning. Fu Manchu has returned to England to silence Barton—and the fiend has succeeded!"

We seemed to be speeding madly into darkness black as the pit. I could form no idea of where we were. Suddenly our car was braked and I was nearly pitched out of my seat.

I saw the driver leap to the road and spring forward to where a torch was flashing—in and out, in and out. Smith was on the running board when the man came racing back.

"Jump in, sir!" he shouted. "Jump in! They passed here only three minutes ago—I have the direction!"

And we were off again into impenetrable darkness. Smith had commandeered Scotland Yard's ace driver. I was wild with the spirit of the chase. Barton's life was at stake —and more . . .

Our brakes shrieked again, and the speeding car skidded to a perilous halt. We were all out in a trice.

In the light of torches carried by Smith and the driver I saw a police cyclist lying beside a wrecked motorbike almost under our front wheels!

"Are you badly hurt?" cried Smith.

The man raised a pale face to the light. Blood was trickling down from his brow; his black steel helmet had fallen off.

"Broken ankle, I think. This"—he touched his head—"is nothing. Just get me onto the pavement. It wasn't your car that hit me, sir."

We lifted him out of the traffic way, seating him against the railings of a house veiled in darkness. Our driver bent over him.

"If you can bear it, mate," he said, "give us the news. Have you sighted the Sunshine? We're Scotland Yard. This is Sir Denis Nayland Smith."

The man looked up at Smith. Obviously he was in great pain, but he spoke calmly:

"I followed BXH77 to this spot, sir. Having identified the number, I passed the car and signaled to the driver to pull up—"

"What happened?" snapped Smith.

"He ran me down!"

"Where did he go?"

"First left, sir—two houses beyond."

"How long ago?"

"Less than two minutes."

We were in one of those residential backwaters which are to be found north of Regent's Park. Black night cloaked us, and in it I could hear no sound of human activity.

"You have done a good job, constable," said Smith rapidly, "and you won't lose by it." He thrust a torch into my hand. "There's a house behind there, somewhere. Find it, Kerrigan, and phone for an ambulance. Just call 'Police' and mention my name. Sorry. No other way. Understand how you feel. But I must push on."

"Turning to the left is a dead end, sir," the Yard driver cried back over his shoulder as Smith sprang to the wheel. "You can't go wrong, Mr. Kerrigan, in following on foot!"

"Ah!" cried Smith. "Good! We've got 'em!"

He jumped in and the Yard car was off again, leaving me standing beside the injured man.

"So that's Nayland Smith," he muttered. "I wish we had a few more like him." He looked up. "Sorry to be a nuisance, sir. I'm fairly new to this district, but I think the gate of the house is just along to your right. The Regent Canal runs behind; that's why the next turning leads nowhere."

"I suppose there's no call box near?"

"No, sir. But I must stick it till you find a phone."

UP to the moment that I discovered the gate, not one pedestrian passed that way.

I groped along a neglected gravel drive. First I found an empty house. Then I faced the wing of an ugly Victorian building which lay to the right of the entrance—and I saw a chink of light shining from a long French window.

I pressed through wet bushes, crossed a patch of lawn, and reached the lighted window. It proved to be one of three which opened onto a veranda and I stepped up with the intention of rapping on the glass. Just in time, I checked my hand.

I stood there, suddenly dizzy, my heart leaping furiously.

Heavy velvet curtains were draped inside the windows, one of which was slightly ajar, and the disarranged draperies had created that chink through which light shone. I could see right into the room, and beyond an open door into a furnished

lobby. It was from this lobby that the light came.

Standing there looking back, so that I suspected it to have been she who had opened the window, was a girl wearing a hooded cape. The hood, thrown free, revealed a mass of gleaming, bewilderingly disordered curls, a pale lovely face.

Ardatha . . . Ardatha whom I adored, who once had loved me, whom I had torn from the clutches of the Chinese doctor. Ardatha, for whom I had searched desperately during many weary months—who, when I had found her, had tricked me, used me, played upon my love so that I had betrayed my friend. Ardatha!

I was about to spring into the room, when slow, dragging footsteps and a sound resembling that of a rubber-shod stick became audible from somewhere beyond the corner of the veranda.

I threw myself flat on sodden turf.

Holding my breath, I watched. Water dripped from the leaves onto my head. I lay not three paces from the veranda. Quite distinctly I saw Ardatha draw the curtain and look out. Those dragging footsteps passed an unseen corner, and I knew that some one was approaching the window.

At that moment I grasped a fact hitherto unsuspected: The turning into which BXH77 had been driven communicated with the back premises of this house, probably with a garage. I had blundered into the enemy's headquarters!

A TALL figure walked slowly along the veranda. The French window was thrown open. I saw Ardatha outlined against the light beyond. The gaunt figure went in, passed Ardatha, and then half turned.

It was Dr. Fu Manchu!

As the window was fastened I rose to my knees.

"S-s-s!" came a hiss from close behind me. "Don't move, Kerrigan!"

My heart seemed to miss a throb. Nayland Smith was lying less than two yards away!

"You saw her?" he whispered.

"Of course!"

"I quite understand, old man. . . . No wonder we failed to find her. But, even now, don't despair—"

"Why?" I groaned. "What hope is left?"

Smith's reply was curious:

"Dr. Fu Manchu once had a daughter."

He touched my shoulder.

"Come on—this way."

In darkness I stumbled along behind him until I found myself under a clump of trees in what I divined to be a neglected garden. Beyond loomed the bulk of the mystery house—the house which harbored the most dangerous man in the world . . . and Ardatha.

"The lane into which the Sunshine turned," he said rapidly, "simply leads to the garage of this house and the one beyond. The latter also is apparently vacant. I grasped the position in time, backed out, and came to look for you. Sims, the Yard driver, has gone for a raiding party. He will take the injured man with him."

"But—Barton?"

"We can only do our best until reinforcements arrive. But one duty we owe to the world—that we do not allow Dr. Fu Manchu to slip through our fingers!"

"Why didn't you shoot him where he stood, Smith?"

"For two reasons. The first concerns yourself; the second is, that I know this place to be occupied by agents of the doctor—and Barton is in their hands . . . What's that?"

It was a strangled cry, the cry of a strong man in the grip of mortal terror.

SAX ROHMER

is of Irish blood and imagination. The spell of the Orient was upon him as a boy. He tried his hand at art, wrote songs, and experimented on short stories. Steeped in the occultism of the East, he created the famous villain, Fu Manchu, in 1913, to enchant the world.

Smith grasped my arm so hard that I winced.

"That was Barton!" he said hoarsely. "God forgive me if they—"

His voice broke. Shining torchlight on the path, he set out headlong for the house.

We were scrambling across a thorny patch which I judged to be a rose bed when Smith pulled up, turned, and threw me flat on the ground!

"Quiet!" he whispered in my ear. He lay prone beside me. "Look!"

A door had been opened. I saw a silhouette—I should have known it a mile away—that of a girl who seemed to be in wild distress. She raised her arms as if in a gesture of supplication, then pressed her hands over her ears and ran out, turned swiftly right, and vanished.

"Ardatha has opened the door for us," Smith said quietly. "Come on, Kerrigan."

As we ran across and stepped into a lighted lobby, Smith was as self-possessed as though we were paying a formal call. I, knowing that we challenged the greatest genius who ever worked for Satan, admired him.

"Gun ready," he whispered. "Don't hesitate to shoot."

Something vaguely familiar about the place in which we stood was explained when I saw an open door beyond which was an empty room, its French windows draped with somber velvet. This was the lobby I had seen from the other side of the house. It was well furnished, the floor strewn with rugs, and oppressively hot. The air was heavy with the perfume of hyacinths.

In the room beyond, a voice was speaking. Smith exchanged a swift glance with me and advanced, tiptoe. The speaker was Dr. Fu Manchu!

"I warned you as long as six months ago," came that singular voice—who, hearing, could ever forget it! "But my warning was not heeded. I have several times attempted, and as often failed, to recover Christophe's chart from your house in Norfolk. Tonight, my agents did not fail—"

A bearskin rug had deadened the sound of our approach. Now Smith was opening the door by decimals of an inch per move.

"You fought for its possession. I do not blame you. I must respect a man of spirit. You might even have succeeded if Dr. Oster had not managed to introduce an intramuscular injection of crataegusin which produced immediate crataegus katatonia—or shall I say stupor—"

Smith had the door open nearly six inches. I obtained a glimpse of the room beyond. It looked like a study, and on a long, narrow writing table a struggling man lay bound. I could not see his face.

"Since this occurred in the street, it necessitated your removal. And now, Sir Lionel, I have decided that your undoubted talents, plus the dangers attendant upon a premature discovery of your body, entitle you to live—and to serve the Si Fan. My plans for departure are complete. Dr. Oster will operate again, and your perspective be adjusted. Proceed."

SMITH had the door half open. I saw that the bound man was Barton. They had gagged him. His eyes, wild with horror, were turned to the door. . . . He had seen it opening!

A man who wore black-rimmed spectacles was bending over him, a man whose outstanding peculiarity was a bright yellow complexion. From the constable's description I recognized Dr. Oster. Barton's coat had been removed, his shirt sleeves rolled up. The yellow Dr. Oster grasped a muscular arm near the biceps and pinched up a pucker of flesh. The agony in those staring eyes turned me cold—murderously cold. The fang of a hypodermic syringe touched Barton's skin—

Smith threw the door open. Dr. Oster looked up.

I cannot recall actually pressing the trigger, but I heard the report.

I saw a tiny bluish mark appear in the middle of that yellow forehead. Dr. Oster glared straight at me through his spectacles, dropped the syringe, and, still glaring, voiceless, fell forward across Barton's writhing body.

Can Nayland Smith and Kerrigan rescue the baronet from the talons of Fu Manchu? Is it possible for Ardatha to help them? Will the evil Chinaman's uncanny power thwart them all? What is the diabolic plot being hatched by the wizard? Be sure to get next week's Liberty for a succession of thrills!

WHY HITLER watched o

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Did he, as he planned, control 6,000,000 votes? . . Here's an amazing revelation

WE can smash any combination of French and British armies. We need not fear British sea power. We must, however, drive a permanent wedge between London and Washington. The United States of America alone defeated us in 1918."

Speaker: Adolf Hitler.

Place: A room in the Bürgerbraukeller, Munich.

Time: 1923.

What Hitler the demagogue said seventeen years ago still holds good with the Hitler of today. It has remained his firm conviction that what caused the defeat of Imperial Germany in 1918 was the financial and industrial power of the United States. He has avoided every situation that might have brought the United States into active war partnership with England and France.

All along, he has kept a watchful eye on the American political situation. The Reich Foreign Ministry in Berlin maintains an American Information Section with a permanent staff of 850 experts who sift a never-ending stream of information gathered by German diplomatic and political observers in the United States. This information is boiled down into concise weekly reports. These are submitted to Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and, with his comments, are passed on to Hitler. It is on the basis of these reports that Hitler makes his decisions, insofar as they may affect the attitude of the United States.

These reports likewise guide the trained propagandists, numbering more than 1,000, in the American section of the Reich Propaganda Ministry.

The American political event of last June burst upon them with the force of a bombshell. In opposition to President Roosevelt they had expected the nomination of a run-of-the-mill politician. Within twenty-four hours after the nomination of Mr. Willkie, a 20,000-word report was radioed to Berlin from the German Embassy at Washington, detailing the life story of the candidate from early childhood. Hitler's program in Europe had been largely based on the assumption that public opinion in the United States during election year would be too divided for the rendering of any effective military assistance to England and France. Now Hitler himself demanded to know about "this man Willkie."

It took the Reich Foreign Ministry almost three weeks to bring the stream of data on the new situation into comprehensive shape. The result found its way to Ribbentrop's desk in the form of a 200-page dossier. He devoted several days to personal study of it before passing it on to Propaganda Minister Goebbels, with eighteen typewritten pages of his observations and recommendations attached to it. The entire report was then turned over to the American section of Goebbels' propaganda institution. Early in August it appeared on Goebbels' desk.

Paul Joseph Goebbels is the man who has built falsehood into a science. One of his most successful tricks is the arousing of false hopes in the opposition. For example, during the invasion of Norway the Nazi propaganda machine spread the false report that Bergen and Trondheim had been recaptured by the British. In London this news was seized upon eagerly. When, a few days later, it became known that British forces had not even made an effort to enter the two key harbors, London found itself bitterly assailed both at home and abroad, with Berlin pouring out ridicule. Something similar happened after the German breakthrough at Sedan. Goebbels then promoted the report that a great counteroffensive had been launched by General Weygand. When, after a week, the realization struck home that Weygand's disorganized armies were utterly incapable of a counteroffensive, the letdown in France was positively catastrophic.

Now for excerpts from the comments by Ribbentrop and Goebbels, as attached to this dossier when it was placed on Hitler's desk on August 10. How these quotations, also the quotation of Hitler's own words which I give later, became available to me cannot be told before the war is over. To do so would immediately endanger a man's life. Here are the comments by Ribbentrop:

"Our policy with respect to the United States must be dictated by our economic and racial interests in the various republics of South America. These interests form part of the greater living space of the Germanic race. . . . As during the World War, so today the United States is engaged in an effort to rob the German people of the fruits of many years of hard pioneer work and far-sighted planning by their compatriots in South America. . . .

"The political situation in the United States is almost analogous to that which prevailed in France a year ago and for a number of years before that. We have drawn every possible advantage from the French

Election

"The promotion of national disunity should dominate all other considerations."

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

situation. Considering the American population factor, we should do even better in the case of the United States. . . .

"More seeds for internal disunity have been planted in the United States than at any time since the Civil War. . . . The nation is in the throes of a class struggle. If nourished, it will engender more bitterness than any struggle of nationalities. . . . The National Socialist Reich is presented here with a unique opportunity. . . .

"All information of the past month bears out the original report that the surprising nomination of this man Willkie came in response to a sort of popular demand. He calls himself 'the people's choice,' and to a certain extent he may be correct. Such a situation is fraught with potential danger. No brake must be put upon the class struggle, at least until the people are confronted with new disillusionment. . . . The interests of the National Socialist Reich will be served admirably by an intensification of the class struggle in the United States."

Now for typical excerpts from Goebbels' written recommendations:

"The promotion of national disunity in the United States should dominate all other considerations. We should not be content with accentuating the present class struggle in America. Considering the heterogeneous composition of the people who call themselves Americans, every effort must be undertaken to pit the various component nationalities against one another. . . .

"Tactics of the past years have left deep scars on the American mind. These scars should be reopened. An emotional free-for-all among the American people is in the interests of the National Socialist Reich. . . . Apart from the traditional American cleavages, we find today a veritable hodge-podge of divisions. Powerful interests are clamoring for war as opposed to the convinced pacifists—vigorous activists in the field of foreign policy as against confirmed isolationists—protagonists of centralized power by the State as against advocates of individual liberty. . . . Never before in the history of the United States have so many pressure groups opposed one another. . . .

"This man Willkie comes from native German stock in the third generation. He should have the sacred interests of the German people at heart. But he may turn out one of the leading antagonists of the National Socialist Reich. Then there would be nothing to choose between him and Franklin Roosevelt.

"In close co-operation with our Italian and Russian allies on this issue, we should give guidance to an absolute minimum of six million American votes. The great majority of these are in the key states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin. In these circumstances it should not be difficult to influence the result of the election so as to serve the overseas interests of the National Socialist Reich."

Hitler, after receiving the voluminous document on August 10, took it to Berchtesgaden. He waited until August 19 to render his verdict, after reading the Willkie acceptance speech at Elwood. It came in the form of personal instructions attached to the dossier. These, together with the excerpts by Ribbentrop and Goebbels, were instantly forwarded to Washington, whence they were distributed among Nazi agents throughout the United States.

Copies were transmitted to Rome and to Moscow. Both Mussolini and Stalin declared promptly that corresponding instructions would immediately be sent to their respective henchmen in the United States.

It has not been possible to obtain Hitler's full instructions to his henchmen as to their attempts to influence the American election. I have, however, the final paragraph. It reads as follows—leaving his preference as between Mr. Willkie and President Roosevelt still undeclared:

"My instructions must be carried out in spirit as well as in letter. . . . But every semblance of interference by the National Socialist Reich in the American election campaign must be meticulously avoided. In the event of a misstep, the Reich government will disclaim all knowledge of the matter. The work must be carried out by local groups interested exclusively in the future welfare of the United States. [! ! !] The Reich government will help indirectly and constantly, and before Election Day the name of the candidate for whom every vote must be cast will be communicated."

Adolf Hitler's amazing accomplishments as a political quick-change artist are now known to all the world. This time, however, as shown by the ending of his instructions, which proves his own uncertainty, it is entirely possible that he has out-intrigued even himself.

THE END

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

Sometimes It's

Tommy Harmon, Michigan a victim last year of Bob Zuppke psychology.

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

SOMETIMES the newspapers don't tell the whole story about football games. The Sunday papers of November 24, 1935, for instance:

PALO ALTO, CALIF., Nov. 23—Stanford defeated California here today by a score of 13 to 0. The first score was made early in the first period when Bobby Grayson ran 55 yards to California's 7 yard line, and plunged over from that point. Grayson also made the second touchdown.

But the story is actually wrong. Stanford didn't defeat California *that day*—it defeated the Golden Bear on the Thursday before.

Let's explain:

Bobby Grayson had played varsity football for three years, and he was All-American every year. This Stanford-California game was his farewell to glory.

On the Tuesday before the game, Coach "Tiny" Thornhill ordered the varsity to scrimmage against the second-stringers. Before quarterback Grayson went onto the field, Tiny got him aside and asked him to run a few plays in which he (Grayson) ran to the left. Grayson rebelled slightly:

"But I've never been able to run to my left, Tiny; I haven't even tried it since I left high school."

"I know that, Bobby, and so do the California scouts. Every time you get the ball, the whole defense shifts over to stop your right-side runs. Let's fool them."

When scrimmage time came, Grayson called a few plays in which he carried the ball to the left. The second-stringers sat him down without a gain every time.

Thornhill didn't say anything on Wednesday, but on Thursday, before Grayson came down to practice, he got hold of the second-string right end, tackle, and guard, and told them: "When Grayson comes toward you today, let him go through."

Tiny asked Bobby to run a few more plays to the left that afternoon, and, of course, they went for long gains every time. That impressed Bobby. Along came Saturday, and the Big Game. On the second play of the game, Grayson called his own signal, on a play over *left* tackle. He went some 55 yards on the run that led directly to the first touchdown. That one score was enough to beat California, and you must admit that Thornhill really won it the Thursday before.

No discussion of football psychology could ever hope to get very far along without mention of Knute Rockne. Rockne realized early in his brilliant career that given two fairly even squads opposing each other, the one in the more victorious frame of

Bobby Grayson outsmarted California in Stanford's 1935 win.

mind, unless too cocky, would win every time. He could, and did, raise mediocre Notre Dame squads to levels of transient greatness by the most simple ruses.

There was the time, late in 1926, when Notre Dame was undefeated, with but two games left to play. One was against Carnegie Tech, and the last against the University of Southern California. The Carnegie Tech

an eye-opening look at some secrets of football strategy

game figured to be a pushover, the betting being 5 to 1 on the South Benders. Army was playing Navy in Chicago on the same day as the Carnegie Tech tussle, and Rockne wanted to see the game, so he turned his squad over to his assistants for the day.

As he sat in the long, windswept press box in Chicago, he was shocked and bewildered when the news came singing over the wires that Carnegie Tech had won by the score of 19 to 0.

All through that next week his players expected the full measure of Rockne's censure, but never once, by word or motion, did he indicate that he even knew they had been defeated. As they boarded the train at South Bend en route to Los Angeles, they still wondered what he was going to say to them. On Friday night, as each player was going to bed, he found pinned to his pillow a clipping with the report of the Carnegie loss.

Result: Notre Dame's first victory over U. S. C.

Rockne won games not only by knowing the psychology of his own team, but also that of opponents.

In 1929 Army's star was "Red" Cagle. Rockne knew that Cagle, who had had three passes intercepted in the two games before Notre Dame, would be trying very hard to avert another such interception. The type of pass least likely to be intercepted is one that is low and, if not completed, falls short of the intended receiver. That is true because, in defending against passes, the defender stays beyond the receiver.

Rockne told his backfield men to stay beyond the Army receivers until he sent them word to switch. When he did, he wanted them to "play the ball, instead of the man." The game started, and Cagle was marching all over the field, without scoring. Finally Army, headed by Cagle and his short passes, launched a drive which carried for three or four first downs to the Notre Dame ten-yard line. Rockne sent in Dick Donoghue at tackle to block the hole through which Cagle had been piling when he hadn't been passing. Donoghue also carried word to the backfield that now was the time to change their defense against Cagle's passes.

Cagle hit the line twice, without gain. On third down he faded back and threw a low pass off to his left. Jack Elder, standing in the Notre Dame end zone, played the ball, grabbed it, and raced ninety-seven yards for the game's only score.

Yes, Rockne won that game by studying his opponents. But there have been times when too careful scouting has backfired. The 1935 Army team that featured the Midget Menace, "Monk" Meyer, was scouted very carefully in every game it played all the season by Navy.

As the scouts' reports on the Army team piled up, game by game, one significant thing was noticed: Whenever the center passed the ball directly back to Meyer, he either ran with the ball, or he passed it, or he kicked it—but he never gave the ball to any one else on reverse plays, or even faked reverses.

That was an unbroken rule which covered Army's every game, and so coach Tom Hamilton, at the Naval Academy, instructed his players that whenever the ball went directly back to Meyer, they were to charge diagonally over to Meyer's right.

Army coach Gar Davidson was doing some thinking up at West Point, however. He knew what those Navy scouts' reports would show, and he guessed correctly as to what Hamilton would tell his players. Therefore, when the two teams trotted out onto Franklin Field in Philadelphia, both had definite plans of battle. Army got the ball shortly after the kick-off on their twenty-yard line, and on the first play the ball went back to Meyer. Meyer crashed into right tackle and got nowhere. But he had seen what Coach Davidson had promised him he would see. On the next play, Meyer crashed into right tackle again, but on the way to that well populated spot he handed the ball to right halfback Grove, who swung on around left end and went eighty yards for the score that broke Navy's heart.

Grove was the fellow who actually carried the ball across the Navy goal line, but you will admit that, in all fairness, Gar Davidson ought to get an assist.

Sometimes a little paint will win a football game for a coach, if it is used in the right spot. In 1930 Lou Little coached his first Columbia team, and their first major rival that year was Dartmouth. Dartmouth won, 52 to 0.

After the game Dartmouth coach Cannell rubbed a bit of salt into the Lions' wounds by giving out a statement that Columbia looked like a high-school team poorly coached.

In 1931 Dartmouth played Columbia again, with virtually the same line-ups opposing each other. Lou never made any reference to the 1930 game all through the week prior to the 1931 battle. On Saturday, when the team reported to get dressed, there was painted on each locker: "Dartmouth 52; Columbia 0."

With virtually the same teams playing each other, the 1931 score was 19 to 6—in favor of Columbia.

Coaches have won games merely by repeating the words of opposing coaches. There was the 1939 Michigan-Illinois game, for instance, which was scheduled to be played on November 4, at Urbana, Illinois. Fritz Crisler is the very capable coach at Michigan, and he has on his current squad a young man named Tommy Harmon, one of the best ball carriers in the country. That he should be the apple of Fritz's eye is extremely understandable.

However, there have been great football carriers in the Midwest before Harmon, notably a gent yclept Harold "Red" Grange, who toted a mean pigskin for Illinois. One day, against this same Michigan, Grange made four touchdown runs the first four times he got his hands on the ball. A few days before this 1939 Michigan-Illinois game, Coach Crisler was closeted with the sports writers, and he let slip the statement that in his opinion Harmon was greater than Grange ever thought of being.

Coach Bob Zuppke, at Illinois, breathed a sigh of relief when he read the story. He hadn't thought, up to that moment, that his squad had a chance in the forthcoming struggle, for Michigan was the Titan of the gridiron world, having scored 165 points against their four previous opponents. Illinois, on the other hand, had been beaten in two of its three games to date.

Zuppke didn't rave and rant before his boys, he didn't read Crisler's statement to them and then make a moving-picture coach's pep talk. Instead, he took Red Grange's old sweater, with its big 77 on it, from the trophy room where it had rested honorably since the redhead's last game, and hung it in a corner of the dressing room.

Final score: Illinois 16; Michigan, Crisler, and Harmon 7.

So when you sit in the grandstand this season and see a loose-hipped halfback go sixty yards through the opposition, remember that he might be making that run because of something that happened sometime between Monday and Friday. That's when football games are won.

THE END

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

Happy is the Groom

IT had been an exciting day. First his sister Gloria's wedding at the church—the organ music and the sudden hush and every one looking so scared and solemn and his mother's eyes all red, and Gloria's so shining as she marched back on Howard's arm. Then the party at the house, with a million people pushing around, and fancy food, and bottles wrapped in napkins.

And now the last guests were leaving and his mother and father were seeing them off at the door. He was alone in the littered living room, and he helped himself to a final piece of cake and slid out of sight with it behind the big chair. His mother was always telling him he'd had enough when he hadn't.

He thought back over the day. The wedding had been the biggest surprise. He had thought getting married was a complicated grown-up business like stocks and bonds, or bridge. Instead, it was easy as anything. You didn't even have to learn what to say—the minister told you. Every grown-up mystery he ran into turned out to be simple in the end. He knew kids didn't get married, but he didn't see why they couldn't, if they were crazy enough to want to. *He* didn't, certainly. He considered the girls he knew, and there wasn't one—well, maybe just one. The yellow-haired Betty kid whom he'd met last summer. She wouldn't be so bad to marry, if she wasn't a girl.

He heard his mother and father coming back. "Well, it's over," his mother said.

Then his father: "Everything went off fine—and now, Joan?"

"Yes?" His mother's voice was alert, as though she were afraid of what was coming.

"Now can we talk things out?"

His mother laughed. But not happily. It was her covering-up laugh he'd heard so often lately. "You're not wasting any time, are you?" she said.

"We might as well settle it now."

"Oh, you can't wait a minute!" his mother cried out.

"I've waited ten months. You asked me not to mention it until after Gloria's wedding. I've kept my end of it."

"And now you want my answer?"

"Naturally. Are you going to give me what I want?"

The eight-year-old boy on the floor behind the chair listened. He somehow sensed this wasn't the usual boring father-and-mother talk. "There's Billy," his mother said. "What about him?"

"I'd like to have him occasionally. It's not an ideal situation, but plenty of children have survived it."

"Oh, no doubt he'll survive." His mother laughed again in that funny way. "Is that the best you want for your son?"

The boy listened more attentively, now that his name had been mentioned. His father's voice rose with impatience: "You're very unreasonable, Joan! There was Gloria, and I saw your point. It would have spoiled things for her, and I was glad to wait. But, heavens, Joan! What more do you expect? Am I supposed to wait until *Billy* grows up and gets married? Wait fifteen or sixteen years?"

There was a pause. Then his mother said, her voice cutting like a knife, "Billy's only eight. He's entitled to a normal life in a normal home with both his parents around him." The boy heard his mother draw in her breath. "I won't do any-

The thoughts of youth! A tender tale of loyalty and love and a gallant gesture

BY MATT TAYLOR

"But, heavens, Joan! Am I supposed to wait until Billy grows up and gets married?"

thing to change that for him. That's final."

His father crossed the room in long quick strides. "You know how this happened," he said—and it seemed strange to hear him sort of pleading, even with mother. "I didn't seek it. Neither did *she*. It was on top of us before we knew it. This is an unbearable situation, Joan! Living like this, pretending—"

"How do you think it's been for me?" his mother said, and she was almost crying. The boy put the plate on the rug beside him. He didn't want to eat any more now. "I've stood it for Gloria's sake," his mother said. "I can go on standing it for Billy's, if I have to."

There was a silence that lasted too long. The boy almost wished his mother would start to cry. It would be better than this awful quiet.

His father spoke finally: "So you're determined to mess up three lives?"

"I'm determined not to mess up Billy's."

The boy was grave and intense and puzzled. The urgency behind their voices told him how important it was, but their words told him nothing.

His father said, "You know how I feel about the boy; but at the same time—"

"If it matters so much to you, why consult me?" his mother broke in. "She's only in the next town!"

His father shouted back—it was awful the way his father shouted. "Please, Joan! You know very well—"

"Oh, I should be calm and reasonable and tolerant, I suppose? Some women are, I understand, when these things happen. Unfortunately, I'm different."

"*She* doesn't want it that way. Neither do I. You know that. This isn't any cheap affair!"

"Isn't it?" his mother said. "That's for you to decide."

His father said bitterly, "You're heartless, Joan!"

AND then his mother *did* cry. There was no mistaking it. Sobs tore her voice to pieces. "You call *me* heartless? Oh, Bob, you're funny! You're terribly funny!"

He could hear her running from the room, running upstairs. His father called, but she didn't stop. Then he heard his father walk heavily into the library beyond. He was alone to figure things out.

But he couldn't figure it. It was all so confused, so mixed up. The only thing that was clear was that his father was unhappy, and would be until his mother gave him whatever it was he wanted so much. His mother was unhappy too, and somehow it was all his fault.

Automatically he took up the last bite of cake and swallowed it. He tried to remember; to piece things together. Something had gone wrong with his father and mother, and his father had hoped Gloria's wedding would fix it up again. But it hadn't. Now they had to wait till he got married—wait fifteen, sixteen years, until he grew up. That was a long time—it was almost forever. He couldn't understand *why* this was so—it was no doubt another mystery belonging to their world. But, like the others, it would be quite simple in the end.

He turned it over and over in his small confused mind. It was all his fault. His father had sounded so hopeless when he said, "Do I got to wait till Billy grows up and gets married?" And his mother—"I can stand it for Billy's sake, if I got to." He didn't want his mother standing things all the rest of her life on account of him!

He couldn't, of course, do very much about growing up. But the other—why, that was easy as anything. He'd watched closely this morning at church.

HE rode down the Post Road, farther than he'd ever been before on his bike. The Post Road was forbidden ground, on account of traffic. But today he had to disobey—he had a long way to go, and he wanted to get it over with.

The cars were beginning to put on their lights, and that made him realize it was getting late and he had had no dinner. The cake of this afternoon didn't take the place of dinner. His pocket was heavy with nickels and dimes from his bank, and there was a drugstore at the Larchmont corner. He stopped and pulled his bike out of the street, and just as he was going into the store he met Mrs. Winthrop.

She was surprised to see him. "Billy Oliver!" she said. "What are you doing way down here on your bike?"

He felt himself flushing. He had hoped he would meet no one he knew. He guessed Mrs. Winthrop was all right—she had a pretty face and a nice smile and he'd always liked her. But you never could tell about people. He said cautiously, "I'm going to get a soda."

"It's a long bike ride for a soda, isn't it?"

"Sort of," he said gravely. "Goodby, Mrs. Winthrop."

But she put her hand on his arm. "I believe I'd like one myself. Do you mind?"

"No," he said; "I guess I don't mind much." He really wouldn't have, ordinarily. Mrs. Winthrop was good fun, for a lady her age. She didn't seem quite as old as his mother, but she was pretty old just the same. She used to come to his house a lot to parties, and to play cards with his mother and father. Then, after a while, she stopped coming. Now that he thought of it, she hadn't been at his house for almost a year.

She sat on the stool beside him and ordered strawberry. "Was it a nice wedding, Billy?" she asked after a while.

"It was O. K.," he told her. "Weren't you there?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"Your mother must have forgotten to invite me."

"Did pop forget too?"

Mrs. Winthrop stopped laughing. She stared at the foamy pink glass the clerk shoved in front of her. "Your father didn't invite me, either," she said.

He frowned puzzledly. It seemed funny, because his father and Mrs. Winthrop used to laugh a lot together when they were playing cards. They used to like to be partners. And once,

He needed some one to confide in. "If you won't tell any one, I'm not going home."

when the noise of a party downstairs had kept him awake, he had sat at his window and watched his father and Mrs. Winthrop talking together on the terrace as though they were the best of friends. "I guess pop's got a lot on his mind to think about," he said.

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Winthrop.

They got busy on their sodas. At least, he did. He was sucking air through the straw before Mrs. Winthrop was even started. He looked up and found her smiling at him.

"Hadn't you better start home now?" she said. "They'll be worried if you're not home in time for dinner."

He needed some one to confide in. He hadn't had a chance to talk it over with any one. Mrs. Winthrop looked as though she might understand. "If you won't tell any one," he said, "I'm not going home."

"Billy! You're running away?"

"Oh, you don't call it that." He turned his wide blue eyes full upon her. "I'm going to get married."

Mrs. Winthrop gasped. Then she had a bad cough and she turned her head away politely. Finally she cleared her throat and said gravely, "You're eight, aren't you?"

He nodded. "And two months. I know kids are supposed to wait till they grow up, but I don't see why I *can't* be married. All you do is say what the minister tells you to say."

Mrs. Winthrop considered this. "I suppose that's true," she conceded. "Do I know the bride, Billy?"

"I guess not. She was at the hotel last summer near our camp in Maine. She lives in New York and I've got her address. She's got freckles and yellow hair, and she said she wanted to marry me some day."

"And do you want to marry her?"

"No; not much." His lips trembled just faintly.

"Then why—"

He turned and looked at her gravely. "I guess I oughtn't to tell you that," he said.

SHE was instantly understanding. "I'm sorry," she said. "I shouldn't have asked." She fumbled a moment in her purse and then nodded brightly. "It's a long ride to New York on a bike," she said. "I've been out marketing and I have the loveliest steak in the car. I'm sure there's enough for two. Wouldn't you like to have dinner first?"

He nodded approvingly. "Steak's good," he said, "if it's red inside."

"It'll be red inside. I'll tell my cook. Come along."

Together they managed to stow his bike in the rear of her car. She drove without asking a lot of questions, and they parked in a drive beside a little white house. Inside, he looked with frank interest around the neat living room while she saw about dinner.

When he sat down, he found himself starved and the meat red. Mrs. Winthrop treated him casually, not like company at all, and only once or twice did he catch her watching him sharply. When he had finished the last bite of his chocolate pudding, he leaned back and sighed. "Well, I guess I ought to get started," he said reluctantly.

"I'm afraid so," agreed Mrs. Winthrop pleasantly. "It's getting quite late. Your bride may even have been put to bed."

"But I ought to go, just the same, and wake her up. You see—"

He paused and looked at her hopefully. He wanted to talk now. There was an understanding look in her eye as she pushed back her chair. "We can talk in the living room," she said.

He followed and sat beside her on the divan. And he started right from the beginning and told her everything he'd heard.

AT first she seemed interested enough, and then she didn't. She stood up and walked to the window and looked out, with her back turned toward him. But he didn't care. He talked anyway. Saying it out loud helped to make it clear. He went right on to the end.

When he was finished, Mrs. Winthrop turned slowly to look at him. "So you figured it all out for yourself, Billy?" she said softly.

"The best I could. It's sort of mixed up. But pop's unhappy because mother won't give him something he wants. And she's unhappy, too. And somehow my being married would fix it. That's what they're waiting for, and they figure it'll be fifteen, sixteen years. So—so I thought—"

"I see," said Mrs. Winthrop, clearing her throat again. "But when people marry they usually don't live with their parents any more."

"I know," he said. He tried to laugh the way his mother did, but it didn't work so well. "Oh, gosh, I know!" he said.

"And you're very content with your parents, aren't you?"

"Me?" He twisted a button on his new suit. "Oh, they're O. K., I guess."

Mrs. Winthrop stood a moment longer at the window, her lips pressed tight, looking down at the floor. And finally she raised her eyes and came back to the divan and sat beside him. She took his hand and rested it on her knee and put her own hand over it tight, and he shifted about uncomfortably. "I've just thought of a much better plan for you," she said. "You won't have to go to New York."

He gave a woebegone shake of his head. "I guess I got to get married," he said. "It's the only way, darn it!"

"Of course it is!" She smiled at him pleasantly. "But I'm a widow, you see. And I just happened to think—well, it's such a long trip on a bike to New York, and it's getting late, and the other girl has freckles and I haven't. So I thought you might be just as well satisfied if you married me."

His eyes came up to hers widely. "But don't you want to marry some one grown up?"

Mrs. Winthrop gave him a funny look and made a funny sound way down in her throat. He couldn't tell whether she was going to laugh or cry. Finally she did neither. She just stared at him. She stared for so long he thought he knew what she was thinking. "I guess you want to

marry some one else, all right," he said.

"I did want to, very much," she said quietly. "But now I'm not so sure. Now—" She began suddenly to nod her head at him and laugh. "Now," she said again, "I think it would be better this way. We could be married right away."

"You mean tonight?"

"This minute."

He was grinning excitedly. "Could we get a minister?"

Mrs. Winthrop raised her eyebrows dubiously. "Ministers are pretty busy people," she said. "You can hardly expect to get one at a minute's notice."

"We got to have a minister," he said gravely.

"It'd be nicer, of course," she admitted. "Still, it's what the people say to each other that really makes a wedding. That's true, isn't it?"

He remembered his sister Gloria and Howard standing side by side promising things to each other. "I guess so," he said. "But just the same—"

LOOK, Billy. Suppose we were cast off on a desert island some place all by ourselves. We wouldn't have a minister. But we could get married if we wanted to."

"I suppose we could," he agreed. She made it sound very convincing. "If I had a ring," he added.

She twisted one from her finger. "You could use this. You'd just put it on my other hand."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "I guess I'd rather marry you than that New York kid, all right."

"It's very nice of you to say that."

"I'll be a lot nearer home, marrying you."

Mrs. Winthrop looked away a moment. Then she said gravely, "That's another thing, Billy. You see, a marriage is like a contract, and people can put whatever they want into contracts, as long as they both agree. So suppose we get married—that will satisfy you that you're helping your mother and father—and then we'll agree that you can go right on living home, the same as always."

He looked up at her eagerly. "Could we do that?"

"Certainly we could. As a matter of fact—"

For no reason at all, Mrs. Winthrop broke off and stood up and walked back to the window. It was a little while before she finished what she'd started. "As a matter of fact," she said, "I'm selling this house just as soon as I can and leaving for California all by myself. Leaving for good. California was my home when I was a young girl." She stood a moment longer and then came back.

"You're sure," he asked cautiously, "this'll fix things up for pop and mother?"

"I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Winthrop. "Shall we be married now?"

He stood up beside her, stiff and solemn and frowning with earnestness. "Who starts?" he asked.

She looked down at his upturned face. He came just above her waist. "You first," she said. "Do you remember how?"

"It's easy. I listened."

"We really should hold hands."

He reached up to his shoulder and found her hand.

"I, Billy Oliver," he began, "take thee, Mrs. Winthrop, to be a wife, only I want to go on living with my mother and my pop." He looked up at her and nodded. "Your turn."

"I, Mrs. Winthrop—"

"You got to give your whole name."

"Do I?" She began again: "I, Ethel Winthrop, take thee, Billy Oliver, to be a husband—and I promise to go away to California, for good."

"Now," he said, "the ring. Which finger?"

She held it out.

"With this thing I thee wed," he said.

Mrs. Winthrop laughed nervously. "And that's all, isn't it?"

He shook his head. "I kiss you. Howard kissed my sister Gloria right in front of everybody."

She knelt down. Her arms tried to enfold him, but he drew away. "Not like that," he said sharply. "I kiss *you*."

She turned her cheek. His soft lips met it gently and drew hastily away. He eyed her reprovingly. "Brides aren't supposed to cry," he said. "Just their mothers."

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Winthrop.

"Well," he said contentedly, "it's all finished, I guess."

"Yes," said Mrs. Winthrop slowly. "It's finished. Completely finished."

"Would it be all right if I went home now?"

"I'll phone your father to come for you," she said. "You can make yourself comfortable."

He curled up in the biggest chair. She had a book of funnies for him that some neighbor's child had left. For a few minutes he was engrossed. And then his eyes grew heavy. It was funny—he didn't feel any different being married. He wondered if Mrs. Winthrop felt any different. She seemed to, somehow. She acted sort of changed. He hoped he had done the right thing. He knew from experience that sometimes kids don't, no matter how hard they try. They do exactly the wrong thing. He hoped his pop wouldn't be sore because he'd married Mrs. Winthrop.

He closed his eyes and dozed off.

THE light beside his chair had been turned off when he opened his eyes. There was no one in the room, but he could hear them talking in the sun porch beyond. His father and Mrs. Winthrop—only, of course she wasn't really Mrs. Winthrop any more, now that she'd married him.

His father seemed excited. "You can't do this, Ethel!" he said. "I won't let you go! I'll—"

"Please, Bob!" Mrs. Winthrop laughed a little. "After all, I do have a husband."

"Please be serious! You *can't* go away! Don't you realize—"

"I realize Joan's right. *He* is the most important. I never thought so before. Oh, Bob, don't you see what he was willing to do for you today? You have to make that up to him!"

His father was quiet for a while. Then he said, "I never thought any one could make me let you go."

"No one could, probably," said Mrs. Winthrop, "except him."

"Except him," said his father. Then he chuckled. "Funny little kid, isn't he?"

The boy stirred sleepily. They were talking so strangely again, in that grown-up way that was so mysterious. He heard his father push back a chair. "You've been pretty swell, Ethel," his father said. "Good luck."

"I'll be all right. You will, too."

"I suppose so, eventually."

"It was perfect for you two once. It can be again."

"I'll try," his father said. Then, after a silence, "Do I kiss the bride?"

"It's customary, I suppose," Mrs. Winthrop said.

There was another silence. Then his father said sharply, "So that's good-by."

BILLY heard him coming into the room as though suddenly in a hurry. So he closed his eyes again. But just before his father gathered him up in his arms he looked up and smiled. "Hello, pop," he said.

"Hello, kid."

"Everything O. K., pop?" he asked anxiously.

His father waited a moment. "Everything's going to be swell," he said.

"She's going away," the boy said, "but I don't have to go with her, even though we got married. We made it up that way. I can stay right on home with you and mother. That's all right, ain't it, pop?"

"You bet it's all right. It's great!"

His father lifted him up and carried him to the door as though he were a baby. Mrs. Winthrop brushed back his hair and bent over and kissed him on the forehead. He didn't like it, but when she smiled at him he smiled back.

He sat quite close to his father in the car and they rode up the Post Road in silence. Then the boy said, "What I can't see, pop, is why fellers get married, anyway."

"Well," his father said slowly, taking a long time to think it over, "for one thing, when a fellow marries, he has kids."

The boy looked up at his father quickly. Then he grinned. Another grown-up mystery had become suddenly clear. "I guess I forgot about that," he said.

"A lot of us do sometimes," his father said.

THE END

THE TWO BEST BETS IN Hollywood

Two sisters who are going places: Olivia de Havilland (in oval) and Joan Fontaine.

The story behind the swift rise of a lovely pair—the sisters De Havilland and Fontaine

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

MEG FONTAINE, who used to be Meg de Havilland, and whose name isn't Meg at all but Lillian, is the mother of Hollywood's four-star two-star family.

When she brought her infant daughters from Tokyo, Japan, to Saratoga, California, a tiny metropolis of eight hundred population on the Monterey peninsula near Del Monte, she was reasonably sure of one thing: the older of the girls, Olivia—"Livvy" to Meg—was a knockout.

Besides being the prettiest brown-eyed darling that ever drew on rompers, she had that subtle something which draws crowds.

"I was the child who always delivered the Gettysburg Address on Memorial Day," reminisced Miss O. de H. not long ago, as she sat in the living room of the little English cottage she shares with Mother Meg up toward the Los Feliz hills. "I was the child, all ruffled and curled, who always spoke a little piece at Sunday school. People petted me and took an interest in everything I did."

The younger sister, Joan—"Joanie" to Meg—was not like that at all. Born frail, she sank steadily into invalidism; couldn't ride and swim and play field hockey like her glowingly healthy sister; couldn't do any of the gay, joyous things other children did.

"When I was a little girl," Joan confesses, "I used to spend a good deal of time in a cemetery reading poetry."

There was a tacit agreement among the neighbors to overlook the matter of the graveyard and the poems, but it included overlooking almost entirely taffy-haired, gray-eyed, mouse-like little Joanie. If she registered at all, it was as "that Olivia de Havilland's kid sister."

But Meg Fontaine never gave up on Joanie. She thought she saw something working inside the child's head that other people didn't see, and she suspected that it was a brain. So, at the advanced age of three, the child was taken up to the University of California at Berkeley to get her I. Q. taken. Par for I. Q.s is 100. Anything above 100 means unusual ability. Anything above 150 means genius. Joanie's I. Q. was 160.

Genius rating!

Now, genius is a ten-dollar word. Even Hollywood praisers seldom use it; Hollywood appraisers practically never. But the pretty little woman in the hillside cottage was not surprised when, eighteen years later, even the longest-faced of the movie moguls used the word again and again in discussing her daughter's inspired performance of the baffling role of Max de Winter's second wife in David Selznick's picturization of Daphne du Maurier's Rebecca.

The Joan of today shows few signs of her dreamy, introspectve youth. She does not read in cemeteries, but does occasionally, in her walks, pull a book out of her bag and read a couple of pages while standing under a tree—and this is considered a bit eccentric in most Hollywood circles!

Otherwise Joanie is wholly normal, and very nice too—especially if you like pale golden hair, large hazel eyes, and freckles under the left eye.

While the younger sister has been gaining in confidence, the older sister has remained the same shy, reticent person she was when she first came to Hollywood. She is still almost painfully introspective, still apprehensive about her headlong collision with life.

"I was rushed into being an adult," she explains.

Adult she may consider herself, but there are no grown-up airs about her any more than there are about Joan. She eats corn on the cob, ear to ear; dunks her cold lamb chops in salt; sings in her shower; loves football; doesn't care for cards or prize fights; doesn't smoke; lets herself go on perfume and flowers; blushes easily and on the most Victorian provocations; sleeps fourteen hours at a stretch if Mother Meg and the films will let her.

EXCEPT as Melanie in Gone with the Wind, Olivia has never looked as characterful on the screen as in real life. To the camera her almost perfect features seem slightly on the dolly side. That is because her features photograph smaller than they are, her eyes larger. Face to face, she is above all things natural, forthright, regular. If she talks, she talks emphatically, perhaps a bit too emphatically. On such occasions, so she says, Joanie brings her back to earth by muttering:

"Camille—or bust!"

The sisters really get along wonderfully, although Olivia says that they fought about stockings right up to the day Joan was married.

The announcement of Joan's engagement to Brian Aherne, by the way, was as great a surprise to Olivia as it was to the rest of Hollywood. No one suspected that the tall Englishman—he's really Irish on both sides of the house, but to Hollywood any foreigner who doesn't speak with a French or Spanish accent is an Englishman—was more interested in one sister than in the other. But the denouement didn't disturb sister Olivia. And why should it? She had Jimmy Stewart.

But to get back to those five years of progress: Olivia led the way, as everybody expected she would. That she was good at her studies is a matter of records. While still in high school she had already captured a scholarship for her freshman year at Mills College. She was slated to be a teacher.

But Livvy was good at a lot of things: she captained the school hockey team and the school debating team, edited the school annual, and also had a way with pencil and brush. Even now she amuses herself by sketching her fellow actors.

Olivia's success in high-school dramatics was destined to rob pedagogy of what would indubitably have been its most decorative ornament. Her Alice in Alice in Wonderland—that was a natural—was very well received in Saratoga critical circles. Then Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream, which did the business not only for dear old high school but for high school's most talented actress.

Felix Weisbergher, Max Reinhardt's assistant, who was snooping through the California countryside looking for Modjeskas and Ellen Terrys in the cocoon stage, caught her act. Bidden to Los Angeles for an audition, she crashed the Herr Doktor's charmed circle before he had time to say "Jack Warner."

"It was unbelievably naïve, the way I did it," Olivia laughs, as she looks back on those ancient days of 1934. "I felt that, as Puck, I should look pretty Puckish; so I strode into the staid, conservative board room at the University of Southern California wearing my gym bloomers. Can you believe it? I read Puck's lines. I leaped over chairs and tables. I was simply incredible. But I suppose I must have given the lines something, in spite of my appearance and cavortings, for, when it was all over, Mr. Weisbergher asked me to come back the next day. I did."

And she was handed, of all things, the second understudy role of Hermia! Puck, she was informed, would be played by Mickey Rooney!

Even more unbelievable than her own naïve and bloomered cavortings was what happened next. (All writers of storybooks please copy.) The star who was to play Hermia fell ill. The first understudy, a star in her own right, was called back to her studio. The eighteen-year-old schoolgirl played the part—her first on the professional stage—outdoors in the Hollywood Bowl, indoors in "a wood near Athens" as grown by the Warner Frères.

NOW, the Dream—for all its Burbank-bred Peaseblossoms, Cobwebs, Moths, and Mustardseeds—was not much of a motion picture. The Herr Doktor laid an egg. But out of that egg stepped, not the little girl "all ruffled and curled" who used to speak pieces at Sunday-school entertainments, but that rarest product of the Hollywood hatcheries, a beautiful woman who was, at the same time, a competent actress.

It is hardly necessary to retell here—so recent has it been—the strictly artistic progress which Olivia de Havilland has made in the five years since she burst unheralded upon the cinema world. It is sufficient to recall that she has marched triumphantly through the banalities of Joe E. Brown's Alibi Ike and the thumping slapdasheries of Cagney and O'Brien's The Irish in Us up to roles like Maid Marian in Robin Hood, Angela in Anthony Adverse, and Melanie in Gone with the Wind.

Now, with her triumph in the last-named vehicle fresh in everybody's memory, she is able, as her studio has found out, to choose the films in which she will or will not appear—and she is going to be right choosy.

In short, Livvy is set.

Joanie was a slower starter. The invalidism which clouded her childhood pursued her throughout her girlhood, and was aggravated at the age of fifteen by a severe accident which necessitated a full year's complete rest. That year she spent in Japan with her father, who is an English patent lawyer in Tokyo. (Neither girl will discuss the family trouble that led to the divorce of their parents, to both of whom they are devoted.)

The year under the cherry trees did wonders for Joan's health and general morale. Thereafter she spent less time in cemeteries and more on the dance floor, read fewer poems and lived more of them. Olivia has always maintained that it was Joan and not she who was responsible for the cloud of lovers that hung over the Los Feliz cottage like a blitzkrieg of Nazi bombers.

"Sundays," she says of their life in pre-Aherne days, "we'd go walking with Joan's suitors, all fifteen of them."

OF course Olivia, when she says self-deprecatory things like that, is not fair to her own attractions. No girl in Hollywood history has had a longer or more distinguished list of suitors: George Brent, Jock Whitney, James Blakeley, Lord Michelham, Jimmy Stewart, and at one time Aherne himself.

The last-named romance was budnipped at Palm Springs when Brian, hearing a familiar voice, cried, "Olivia! How wonderful to find you here!"

Rounding the corner, he ran kerplunk into the young, eager, childlike girl who is now his wife.

But we are getting ahead of our story. Joan, in Hollywood, and with the daily wonder of her sister's career unfolding before her eyes, could not be kept long from a theatrical career. But, having suffered all her life from being dismissed as "Olivia de Havilland's kid sister," she turned resolutely away from the studio gates, which might have been thrown wide to her because of her sister's reputation, and began her apprenticeship on the legitimate stage.

Homer Curran, famed Coast producer, was sufficiently impressed with the child's wistful, dreamy personality to give her a small part in the San Francisco production of Kind Lady. Following this, she got a part in Call It a Day, produced by Henry Duffy, who is the one-man Theater Guild of Los Angeles. Jesse Lasky was in the first-night audience. The rest was pie for Joanie.

The only stipulation Olivia de Havilland's sister made when she signed her contract was that she should not be known as Olivia de Havilland's sister. She took her mother's present name of Fontaine.

She got off to an excellent start at RKO in a small part in Katharine Hepburn's Quality Street, and followed with good performances in The Man Who Found Himself and as the heroine with Douglas Fairbanks,

Jr., in Gunga Din. Then, after one or two minor pictures, the studio showed its faith in her by picking her to close the considerable gap left by Ginger Rogers in the ill-fated Astaire musical, A Damsel in Distress.

Most disastrous result of this brief excursion into the song and dance was the deep impression her suddenly revealed slim blonde beauty made on the studio praisery. Before she knew it, she was up to her eyes—and everybody else's eyes—in "leg art," that crass method of crashing the rotogravures which has killed the hopes of many another gifted actress. For a time it looked as if she could never overcome the triple handicap of being blonde, shapely, and cute.

But Joanie is always in there trying. She knows what she wants. This time, what she wanted was to cut out the "tell me, pretty maiden" stuff and clamber back to parts into which she could sink her lovely teeth.

She went to see George Cukor, primed for the part of Melanie in Gone with the Wind. And Cukor was so impressed by her rendering of the part that, as he told her next day, he would have given it to her if she had had more screen experience.

So it was screen experience he wanted? Joan knew she could not get that all at once; but she did know some one who had it, some one supremely fitted for the part.

"Livvy could do it," she said. And Livvy did it—magnificently.

To George Cukor's credit let it be said that he did not forget the brave, loyal, high-spirited little girl who almost qualified for Melanie. When he went from "Gone" to The Women he sent for Joan to play the tiny but vital bit of the young wife in Reno who was going to have a baby.

Followed Mrs. Max de Winter and fame. Critics who missed the significance of her bit in The Women could not fail to recognize in her Mrs. de Winter "the last deep spark of a flame that Hollywood had all but killed, but which she had managed somehow to fan back to an all-consuming fire."

ABOUT Olivia's romance with Jimmy Stewart, no one, except perhaps the lovers themselves, can be sure. Some say that they are already married. Of all this Olivia says nothing. And Jim—well, you know Jim!—he says, "We have a wonderful time together!"

Meanwhile, the camera beckons. Olivia is a big hit in the surprise picture of the year, My Love Came Back, and is scheduled to star in the long awaited remake of The Constant Nymph. Joan is headed for another Rebecca part in Selznick's next supercolossal, Jane Eyre.

In this era of youth's alleged tendency to defeatism, the de Havilland-Fontaine sisters are certainly reassuring. In their private lives they seem to be doing all right for themselves. Professionally, they are Hollywood's two best bets!

THE END

Golden bar...

or golden chips...

Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

IT'S MADDENING to see that dingy shadow of tattle-tale gray clinging to a wash line!

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Lazy soaps leave dirt behind, no matter how hard you rub. Change to the livelier, peppier soap—Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips.

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So ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today—*golden* bar or *golden* chips—and put tattle-tale gray on the run. Copr. 1940, Fels & Co.

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

DARK fortune

Can love defeat suspicion? A sudden surprise quickens an exciting story

RETURNING from Washington to New York by bus, Joan Meredith takes charge of a bag for an old man, Elias Holland, who has to be rushed to a hospital. She promises to see that his son, Sprague, whom he hasn't seen in years, gets the suitcase. Sprague's address is in an old letter which Elias gives her.

Joan's husband, Bradley Meredith, a charming Englishman who gambles for a living, reads the letter and suspects from its wording that Elias Holland has spent some time in jail. When word comes that Elias is dead, Brad opens the bag and finds in it about one hundred thousand dollars in fifty- and hundred-dollar bills.

After spending some time trying to trace Sprague Holland, Joan discovers that he is dead. Immediately Brad assumes that they can keep the money, and when Joan protests that they must try to find Sprague's heirs, he flings out of the apartment in a rage.

Joan is worried about her husband; she is sure he is deeply in debt, and although she had hoped that her news that they were going to have a baby would induce him to give up gambling, he still continues it.

Brad, who wants to take Joan to England, where he expects to join the army if his country goes to war, goes to Ronnie Galland's house and wins a great deal of money at roulette. This he promptly loses at stud to the gambler Sam Brento. Also, he makes the mistake, while drunk, of telling Rita Colony, a friend of Brento, about the bag of money.

Joan, at home, decides to hide the one hundred thousand dollars. She fills Elias' bag with books and puts the bills in another bag. She goes out for an hour or so, and when she comes back a surprise and a shock await her. She receives a letter from one Christopher Holland, saying that he and his sister are Sprague Holland's son and daughter, and she finds that her apartment has been burglarized. The only thing missing is Elias Holland's bag. Joan faints and, falling, strikes her head against the dressing table.

PART THREE—A THREAT FROM THE UNKNOWN

IT was almost eleven o'clock the following morning, and from her hospital bed Joan could see a vast expanse of blue sky. Cloudless! The roses beside her—"From your unworthy husband"—wafted their usual fragrance.

Something that had been alive within her would never see a blue sky, know the perfume of flowers. Her baby was gone, and it seemed to Joan that the sky, the world, should be in mourning.

"Your husband, Mrs. Meredith."

Joan watched the look of adoration the young nurse gave Brad as he entered. But he was not so devastating as he stood there nervously taking off his gloves. The corners of his mouth were drawn tight, his eyes told of sleeplessness. As he smiled at her Joan felt his suffering.

"Hello, sweetheart! Feeling a little easier?" His attempted cheerfulness was a flat failure. "Everything all right?"

She returned his smile. "Yes, Brad, everything's all right."

"Splendid. No—no complications—or anything?"

With a shock she realized that he didn't yet know! She would have to tell him!

He sat down beside her, kissed her.

ILLUSTRATOR FRANK BENSING

"The doctor didn't tell you?" she asked gently.

"Well, they all said you were out of danger. I was a bit afraid they weren't telling me all they knew."

She couldn't keep the tears from her eyes and, holding his hand, placed it over her heart.

"I—we lost the baby, Brad."

His lips went pale, his cheeks seemed to hollow. "Oh, God, forgive me," he whispered. He rose, went to the window, remained there, a graven figure.

"Don't take it too desperately to heart, Brad," she sought to comfort him. "Perhaps God willed it so. Perhaps it was His way of punishing us."

"Us?" His shoulders heaved. "God has no cause to punish you, Joan," he said almost savagely. "I'm the one who—" He returned to her, dropped on his knees, was motionless, lips pressed to her cheek.

She stroked his hair. "Tell me what happened, Brad. I don't yet know. What did I do—to bring this about?"

"I came back yesterday afternoon—four o'clock—and found you lying on the floor." His voice was hoarse, muffled against her face. "I called a doctor, and he said you had fallen—"

"Did you notify the police?"

"No." His breathing was difficult. "I first wanted to find out just what had happened. I knew that some one had broken into the apartment—"

"How could they, without a key, Brad? The door wasn't forced."

Key! He could have explained that to her had he wanted to. When he arrived at the apartment he had taken from his pocket a small leather fold in which he kept his keys. One, his apartment key, was missing.

"I don't know how they got in," he evaded. "Who were they, Joan? And what did they say to you?"

"I saw no one."

He lifted his eyes, stared at her in confusion. "You weren't in the apartment when they entered it?"

"No."

"How long had you been out?"

"Two or three hours, perhaps. First for breakfast, and then—" Unwillingly she told him about the fake telephone call sending her to a nonexistent police station.

Under his breath Meredith swore. "The swine! I sent you that telegram warning you because of a suspicion—" He attempted to look at her and failed. "What got into me on Saturday night, I don't know. Went off the deep end mentally. Can't understand what possessed me. The brutal way I'd left you—the war situation—and that blasted money, I suppose."

Joan waited for him to go on.

"I'd won a large sum at roulette. Perhaps"—he was still searching for the answer— "Well, I've a rough idea they didn't want me to get away with it."

She couldn't let that pass without a trenchant comment: "In your friend Ronnie Galland's house?"

He had no reply. It was Galland who had introduced him to Brento, gone out of his way to do so. Galland could be ruled out, perhaps, but the other man—

"I'd every intention of returning that night," he went on. "Tried to call you—but the line was dead. Then I got into a card game. I'd been drinking too much. Suddenly I didn't know what I was doing or saying. It's quite possible—in fact, I'm certain—I blabbed out the story of Holland's money."

"To whom did you talk?" she asked faintly.

"To Rita Colony for one. She was there with a gambler by the name of Sam Brento. He may have got wind of the story—through Colony. I don't think he broke into the apartment, but it's likely his henchmen did." His face was grim with resentment. "We can strike back at them by telling the police. But that would mean a clean breast of things—which might spell more trouble for us." He tried to smile at her. "You wanted to get rid of the stuff, didn't you? Well, there it is—you have."

She almost told him then, but something checked her. It might

"Evanna," Chris roared. "Did you ever see anything more beautiful?"

By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

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"LITTLE MEN" is COW-lossal!

"Pardon me for pointing with pride. But I want you to meet a bunch of folks as real as any I've ever known down on the farm, and twice as entertaining—the Hollywood stars who make 'Little Men' the grandest picture of American life you've ever enjoyed."

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And as you can see, it was all I could do to maintain a frigid calm when George Bancroft as the Major, Jack Oakie as Willie the Lug and Jimmy Lydon played one of their comedy scenes.

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Screen Play by Mark Kelly and Andrew Bennison

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only tempt him again. And Christopher Holland's letter! Perhaps, as soon as she was well, she really could get rid of the money once and for all. For that reason she was glad he hadn't got in touch with the police.

"Poor Brad," she said, again stroking his hair. "With so much in your favor, you make life such a desperate gamble. Money seems to mean so much to you."

"It's because I've failed you," he said vehemently. "Loving you as I do, I want you to have the best."

She said very quietly, "All I need is your love, Brad."

"You'll have that always," he whispered. "I know I'm blessed with you, Joan—blessed beyond measure. We'll start again—in England. As soon as you are able to come with me—"

BRADLEY MEREDITH left the hospital in a distressed state of mind. Bills, medical fees, nurses, private room, flowers, bridge debts, apartment rent—the passage money to get them out of the unholy mess! He was in the frame of mind to do anything—anything!—for money.

To think matters over he walked back to his apartment, arriving there without the slightest solution of his problems. In the lobby he was given a cable. It was from his brother in England.

FATHER WORSE. HOW SOON CAN WE EXPECT YOU?

GRANVILLE MEREDITH.

Brad came to an instant decision. When he got to his apartment he reached for the telephone, which had been repaired, and cabled his brother saying he would return at the earliest moment, and adding a request for two hundred pounds.

He had no sooner hung up the receiver when the telephone rang.

"Meredith? Brad Meredith?" A man's voice, rather coarse in tone, unfamiliar—and threatening.

"This is Bradley Meredith."

"Well, take a tip for yourself, feller. That dough belongs to us. We came up there for it Sunday. Now, if you don't want any trouble—"

"Who is this?" Every fiber of his body was tense.

"Never mind who it is. We're giving you warning. If you know what's good for you, don't try any more tricks. You'll hear from us later."

Brad had listened with unbelieving ears. "Don't try any more tricks?" Tricks! The situation was fantastic. Brad didn't know which way to move.

Not having eaten all day, Brad went to a French restaurant on Madison Avenue, and to his delight he found Rita Colony there, lunching alone. He might find out something from her.

"May I join you?"

"Of course." She smiled, her look arch, her eyes inviting.

He behaved as if he hadn't a care in the world. They talked of the Gallands. Then he asked her indifferently where could he get in touch with Sam Brento in case he wanted to challenge him again. Rita mentioned a penthouse on Park Avenue, familiarly associating herself with its splendor and view. Her expensive clothes also tended to establish her relationship to Brento, and Brad realized that he would get little information about him from her. Direct questioning was useless.

Imperturbably he changed his tactics, but in doing so he would have to make a damaging admission. Spike their guns for them, anyway!

"Look here, Rita—that story I told you Saturday night—about a bag with a hundred thousand dollars in it—did you repeat it to any one?"

"Oh, that!" The memory amused her. "It was so funny—the way you told it. I don't know if I repeated it or not. I may have."

"That," he said, "might account for things. Possibly one of the servants got hold of it. The story, by the way, was absolutely true." He spoke nonchalantly. "Since I told you about it, the bag has been lifted by persons unknown."

Rita put on a look of blank amazement. "But how frightful! You mean you actually found all that money—and that somebody stole it?"

"Now," he said, "I'm going to tell you something more—and this time I must urge you to secrecy. The money—not mine, of course," he shrugged— "was counterfeit. In discovering that, I almost got myself into hot water. Had a suspicion there was something wrong about it. Every bank in the country is waiting to pounce."

He was watching her intently, but her lovely exotic face was as impassive as Sam Brento's.

A few moments later she discovered that she was late for an appointment and rose to go.

RETURNING to his apartment, he saw Gene Maynard, the elevator operator, in the lobby and drew him aside.

"You were on elevator duty last Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes, sir—except for about half an hour around noon when Jim Turner relieved me."

"You don't happen to recall any unfamiliar faces in the elevator between—well, let's say one and three o'clock? Men?"

"No, I don't, sir."

"This is of some importance to me, Gene. You say you were on the elevator except for a short while around twelve o'clock?"

"I remember that distinctly, sir, because Mrs. Meredith asked me to carry out a bag for her. She said she wanted to check a few books at the Grand Central Station."

"I see. And you did it for her?" Brad's heart was thumping.

"She came with me, and I gave her the claim check."

"Right you are. Thanks. Might

want you to do a little job for me, Gene. When are you available?"

"Now, sir—if you want me."

Brad handed him a five-dollar bill. "Come up in a moment or so, will you?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

In his apartment Brad went to the shelves beside Joan's bed. A number of her books were missing. So that was what had happened! The money was in a suitcase—what suitcase?—in a baggage room. And Brento's gang had been temporarily palmed off with a bag of books. Brad smiled.

During the next few days, thanks to her perfect physical condition, Joan made a quick recovery. Brad visited her daily at the hospital, brought her flowers. He had never been more tender with her.

His brother had sent him five hundred pounds so that he could make an early crossing. Indeed, with part of the money their passage to England had already been reserved. A quiver ran through Joan when he spoke so eagerly about soldiering. She understood his love of country, but the thought of his going to war made her future darker than ever.

Joan was also worried about the letter she had received from Christopher Holland. She didn't want to answer it before making a personal investigation. And daily, in pursuit of these plans, she made sure of a well guarded baggage check in her handbag—which, to her great relief, had been sent to the hospital along with her other requirements.

AT the end of six days she returned to a world in which, all at once, she felt strangely alone. Her closeness even to Brad seemed to have vanished. She was now painfully aware of a want of confidence in him. Something—possibly his unethical behavior with that stolen money—had frayed the cords binding her to him.

Brad had left her alone for a moment, going down to the restaurant to order a special home-coming dinner. The telephone rang and she went to answer it.

"Brad Meredith there?"

"Not at the moment. May I take a message?"

"Who's that speaking?"

"His wife."

"Well, just tell him the dead line is Friday. He'll understand. That's all."

With a nerveless hand she replaced the receiver. Instinctively she felt the threat had to do with the money stolen by Elias Holland. When Brad returned she gave him the message.

"Please, Brad," she said a little wildly, "tell me what it means."

"Haven't the foggiest. A joke, most probably."

But she knew it wasn't a joke, and she was afraid. "I told you they wouldn't leave us alone." She trembled. "This man Brento—is that who it is?"

He took her in his arms, tried to laugh her fears away. "Darling,

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they've already got the money, haven't they? They have no cause to bother us any more."

ON the second afternoon of her return Joan took the train to Kingston, New York, and, from there, the bus to Woodstock. In a small store near the bus stop she asked where the Holland Studio was.

Some distance away, she was told. If she took such and such a road, then went to the end of Mountain Street, she would find the place, standing by itself in a field. "Used to be an old barn—till he fixed it up. Nice-lookin' feller. Lives there with his sister."

Joan plodded on through a cold rain. When she knocked on the door of the studio, she presented, she knew, a bedraggled appearance. The rain had loosened her soft gold hair; her shoes were mud-spattered.

A young girl with a pretty and spiritual face opened the door. She wore a man's sweater far too big for her, and slacks.

"Is Mr. Christopher Holland in?"

"Won't you please come in?"

The voice was so friendly and cheerful it touched Joan to see that the girl limped badly.

The room was large, roughly and sparsely furnished, clean and inviting. Wooden stairs led to a loft. A wood-burning stove gave out a comfortable heat.

"Chris," the girl called.

In the light from a large window he was seated with his back to them, absorbed in his work; a huge fellow with a mop of red hair needing the attention of a comb. As he rose from his seat—an upturned box—Joan's heart leaped as she saw the landscape he was finishing. It had the touch of genius.

As he came forward she was as riveted by his appearance as she had been by the painting. He was, perhaps, about twenty-six, his gaunt face had a roughhewn nobility, his mouth kindness with humor, and he had clear blue eyes like his sister.

"I'm Joan Meredith—Mrs. Meredith. You wrote to me—about your father. I advertised in the papers."

"Good Lord! Evanna, our best chair—if we have such a thing. This is my sister," he said, waving a huge hand. He had a deep voice.

Evanna made tea and, apologizing for a partly broken saucer, produced some cookies on it. With few comforts of life and often, Joan surmised, a scarcity of food, their cheerfulness won her heart. She liked them immensely from the start.

She told them her story without mentioning what Elias Holland's bag contained, saying only that she and her husband had tried to carry out his wishes, only to discover that his son, Sprague, was dead.

"Our errant grampaw!" Christopher exploded. "The skeleton in our closet. Shall we tell her, Sis?"

"If you like."

He cleared his throat in the manner of a stagy actor. "Some fourteen years ago in Carroll County, Maryland—where Sis and I were born—grampaw killed a neighbor against whom he had a grievance—in self-defense, he always swore. The body wasn't discovered for several days. Grandfather was a man of means, and it was subsequently learned that he had withdrawn bonds and securities from his bank and turned them into cash, intending to use the money for his escape."

Joan listened with gradually widening eyes.

"Unfortunately for him, he didn't escape. He was caught and arrested in Maryand. Only a few hundred dollars were found on him. At the trial he said he had burned the money out of pure cussedness. Didn't want his children to get hold of it, because they had sided against him with the dead man's family.

"It's a long story, but that's the gist of it. They gave him twenty years, and his term was reduced, I suppose. Personally, I never tried to communicate with him. Well, now that he's dead—God rest him."

JOAN had risen to her feet. "Mr. Holland," she astounded them—feeling the thrill of it herself—"there's a hundred thousand dollars waiting for you in the Grand Central baggage room!"

"In a baggage room!" His laughter filled the studio, but the gravity of her face abruptly ended it, and his and Evanna's blue eyes stared at her in a dead silence. She then told them about the money and how she and Brad had discovered it.

Leaving out the attempted robbery, in case it might alarm them, Joan told them that she had checked the bag at the Grand Central because she and her husband were afraid to have the money around. For they had come to the conclusion that it was either stolen or counterfeit. For that reason they hadn't dared to try to deposit it in a bank.

Evanna was crying. "You don't know what this news means to us, Mrs. Meredith. It's been so hard—all these years. Chris has worked so hard—and often he's been unable to buy paint materials."

Christopher Holland picked his sister up in his arms, kissed her. "You'll be able to get that trick knee fixed up now, Sis."

Her lameness—Joan was told—was the result of a fall some three years ago in Paris. A delicate operation might have repaired the damage, but it had been beyond their means.

"Let me down, Chris," Evanna protested, struggling in his arms. "Come and see some of his work, Mrs. Meredith. Please," she begged excitedly, taking Joan's hand.

Several canvases were lovingly displayed, and Evanna then scrambled up to the loft to bring more.

Joan was spellbound as she looked at an alpine scene, the magical way in which Christopher had caught the beauty of the sunrise on snow-capped peaks. And one of Elias Holland's wistful remarks came back to her: "When I was a young man I had leanings toward painting."

"I hope you'll sit for me some day, Mrs. Meredith," Chris Holland said. "Evanna," he roared, "take a squint at this profile." He had forgotten about the one hundred thousand dollars! "Did you ever see anything more beautiful?"

His enthusiasm brought a rush of color to Joan's cheeks, and looking at his face with its haggard beauty she was oddly stirred.

"I really must go," she stammered. "Supposing we meet again tomorrow—in town. Shall we say the Biltmore Hotel? The foyer on the Forty-third Street side? At eleven o'clock? And bring whatever papers are necessary to establish yourselves. Just," Joan smiled, "to be practical about it all."

On the train she mentally rehearsed what she would say to Brad. In telling him about the Hollands she would have to try to explain, without hurting his feelings, why she had not taken him into her confidence earlier.

That night, however, Bradley Meredith didn't return until 2 A. M., a slight aroma of brandy betraying him as he tiptoed about the room. Joan didn't speak.

At 10 A. M. he looked woefully tired, even in his sleep, and she hadn't the heart to wake him. In a short while the money would be returned to its rightful owners, and then she would tell him everything—go with him to England—happy in the knowledge that they had nothing more to hide.

Without disturbing him, she quietly left the apartment.

CHRIS and Evanna had no trouble in establishing their direct kinship with Elias Holland, and with Joan they went to the Grand Central Terminal. Joan presented her carefully guarded baggage check.

And then it happened!

Joan was staring with distended eyes at a small much worn suitcase which had been handed to her.

"But—but this isn't mine!" She lifted it. It felt empty.

"It's what your check called for, lady."

"But—but—" She felt all the blood being drained from her face. "I checked a much larger suitcase—with two locks on it—and my mother's initials on the side—"

She was so insistent, her pleas so desperate, that permission was given her to make a search of the checkroom. With Chris and Evanna Holland beside her, she searched the shelves until she was on the point of collapse. But the suitcase she had checked, one she would have recognized instantly, was not to be found.

Has Brad taken the bag? Or did Sam Brento's henchmen somehow manage to get it from the checkroom? And will the Hollands call the police? There are surprises in store and a dramatic climax in next week's final installment.

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POPULAR SONG QUIZ

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—What noted composers wrote the melodies that have become the tunes of these popular songs: (*a*) I'm Always Chasing Rainbows; (*b*) Moon Love; (*c*) The Lamp Is Low; (*d*) My Revery; (*e*) Our Love?

2—What three songs would tell you to stop crying?

3—Can you name three star songs?

4—How about three about the sun?

5—You should easily name six moon songs.

6—What four flowers can you find in song titles?

7—Name four colors, outside of blue, in song titles.

8—Now songs mentioning blue.

9—Name four methods of transportation in song titles.

10—What was the original name of the tune of (*a*) The Star-Spangled Banner; (*b*) America; (*c*) Hail Columbia?

11—Name two famous songs of the Civil War; two of the Spanish-American War; two of the first World War.

12—(*a*) Who promised to wait at the k-k-k-kitchen door? (*b*) What did Bill Bailey's wife want him to do? (*c*) Why did the man sit alone in the Y. M. C. A.?

13—What was the campaign song of Alf Landon; F. D. Roosevelt (excluding the third-term campaign); Al Smith?

14—Name six songs that mention states of the Union.

15—What six songs name cities in their titles?

16—Name four popular songs that discuss the weather.

17—When were (*a*) Sweet Adeline, (*b*) Alexander's Ragtime Band, (*c*) God Bless America published?

18—Name three songs of loneliness.

19—Name four songs about the heart.

20—Can you find three other parts of the human body in song titles?

21—Name four popular kissing songs.

22—What four songs express the idea of going back?

23—Name three songs that mention eatables.

24—You should easily find three drinks in popular song.

25—And three songs with financial figures in their titles.

26—What are the names of the theme songs used by these radio stars: (*a*) Rudy Vallee; (*b*) Kate Smith; (*c*) Bob Hope; (*d*) The Goldbergs; (*e*) Amos 'n' Andy?

27—Line up four musical instruments from popular song titles.

28—What four titles mention babies?

29—Give three song titles mentioning specific time.

30—Name three good-by songs.

31—Try for three that say "Good night."

32—How about three songs that say "Hello"?

33—Mention three song titles beginning with "Who."

34—Name four songs about horses.

35—Name three songs mentioning other animals.

36—Four songs about rivers should be easy.

37—Can you pick out four hat songs?

38—Mention four months of the year in song titles.

39—Rose is generally a girl's name in song. Name three.

40—What four song titles became dances?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

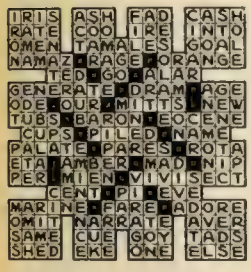
by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 If baby doesn't stopp, daddy will - - - - !
5 Butterfly sans sex appeal
9 Danish admiral, in Dutch service, licked the Swedes
13 Der schmeling river uff Chermany
14 A pain in the neck
15 A gamboling expression
17 Mar's bath
18 Close up
19 Two-fisted guys get a bang out of this
20 Bears that follow the Germans
22 Though this comes before noon, it's really behind
23 Early part of the evening
24 Kings Never Owe (abbr.)
25 Kind of idiot, says silly things, tries to press things on girls
28 Though it means money to the Japs, if you ate it, it'd grow windy
30 Men in white with whistles, running like mad (abbr.)
33 What Hitler did when he sat on a tack
34 A dictator's dad
35 Mr. Cleo
36 Great name for Lot's wife's dotter
37 You sit on one end, your head sits on the other
38 How Tarzan got his start
39 The sky chief of Egypt
41 It's a pushover for Eleanor Holm
42 Lowell Thomas is never introduced with one; Kate Smith, never without
44 It sounds like a razz but it's half diseased
45 Arabian back streets are named for him
46 What it takes to muscle in the steel business
47 Tyrants Love Trouble (abbr.)
49 Every day's moving day for him—can he tell a moving tale!
52 Don't let this throw you, folks, it's great noose!
55 What the professor called the farmer
58 Skinny things found clinging to women
59 Gals sweet as apple cida
60 Kind of gal who doesn't hang her things up on the floor
62 Axis motto: What's mine is mine, what's - - - - is, too!
63 Son of the Arrow
64 Intestinal fortitude granulated
65 You'll Grant this is Bitsy
66 Emotional mirrors
67 Kind of nation that can't survive

VERTICAL

1 Where things are done for Peat's sake
2 Product of a fertilizer factory
3 Dear old South Land, needing de fences set up
4 Tries too hard
5 One of these will drive you nuts
6 Something Hitler will find it hard to get over
7 Roosevelt's kicked this around so much it may not turn up till the Fourth of July around Easter Sunday (two words)
8 The skin you love to touch
9 Axis addition
10 You'll be dressed to kill in one, and it'll protect you from drafts
11 State of the French
12 Q
16 A twisted thing to relieve bottlenecks
21 Dog house
24 A bony perch (masculine)
25 This should be used in greeting dictators
26 Loose a gas attack on harmless citizens
27 It's down in the mouth and can be a pain in the neck
29 What many a bird wishes its lazy young would do
31 What turkeys are doomed to be on Thanksgiving
32 Storage place for granpaw's mug
34 Technicolor diamond
37 Bang the old apple
40 Greenbergs, DiMaggios, Louises
42 He dyed because he didn't want to be a Red head
43 Products of the Tanning Administration
48 Ilka laddie has ane
50 - - - - - pro nobis (Shane Latin !)
51 Standouts of the British navy
53 Number of things woman must do in an afternoon
54 Be right next door
55 Would you call a bad general assistant a lemon - - - - ?
56 One way to get the air right at the beginning
57 What a male babe in the woods is
61 Tease



Last week's answer

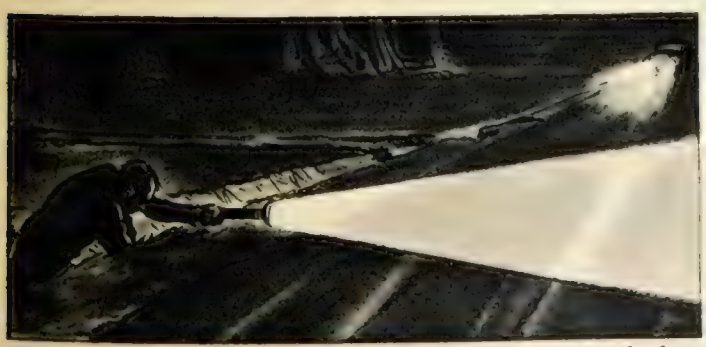
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"MY CRIES WERE WHISPERS AS MY LIFE EBBED!"

A true experience of P. S. NICHOLLS, *South Bend, Ind.*

1 **"LATE ONE NIGHT,** returning from a fishing trip, I dozed at the wheel of my car while going at a fast clip," writes Mr. Nicholls. "Suddenly there was a blinding crash!

2 **"MY CAR HAD SMASHED** head on into a tree. My throat was gashed and bleeding badly. I was able only to whisper—and seemed doomed to die in the inky darkness. Then . . .



3 **". . . I REMEMBERED MY FLASHLIGHT!** Somehow I managed to get it from my tackle box and crawl weakly back to the road. Quickly the bright beam of the flashlight, waved in my feeble grasp, stopped a motorist, who took me to a hospital just in time. There is no doubt that I owe my life to dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries!

(Signed) P. S. Nicholls"

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Pianissim

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THE moment Mike started the piano introduction of La Paloma, I knew he had quarreled again. Mike can't fool me. We have been playing music aboard ships for six years. I can tell from his pawing the ivories how he feels.

Jacintho noticed it, too. Over his cello he exchanged an ominous glance with me.

"What is it now, Mike?" I asked, between three bars of pause in my violin part.

"Some day I am going to throw Bligh overboard," he uttered between his teeth. "Bligh is furious because of last night. Wants us to get up tomorrow at six A. M., and to play God Save the King upon arrival in Trinidad."

Jacintho missed a flageolet and I almost dropped my bow. Last night had all been Mike's idea. For twenty minutes we had played a hot rumba in prestissimo, until the dancing passengers had collapsed into their chairs like poisoned grasshoppers. It was the only fun left, and what is life without fun? A series of trio concerts and dancings aboard the S. S. Magallanes, with Bligh, the purser, for our boss.

We had nicknamed him Bligh because he resembled strangely the late Captain Bligh of the Bounty as impersonated by Mr. Laughton. Unlike the famous character, however, Bligh the purser lived on oatmeal and milk of magnesia, and he hated fun even more than his dyspepsia. Especially when he saw Jacintho with the gorgeous blonde of 16A on the sun deck after midnight. Bligh was after the blonde himself.

After that it was plain Foreign Legion. Playing overtime. No shore leave in Rio. "We could escape in a lifeboat," Mike suggested, "taking water and biscuits."

Jacintho was opposed to the idea. He loathed biscuits. Besides, the blonde of 16A passed by, smiling at him. She collected tips for us. Jacintho always fell in love with a gorgeous blonde from the A deck to whom nobody could refuse a contribution "for the music."

After the concert I went down with Mike. The bar of the tourist class was deserted, but behind the counter stood Jacintho, smashing glasses.

"That," he cried, "is the climax!"

"What happened?" I asked. "Was it Bligh?"

"Who else? I am sitting on deck with my Dulcinea, holding her hands, when Bligh passes by and says, 'Musicians are not allowed to speak to passengers after concert hours.'"

"And you?" Mike asked.

"I pierced him. With my eyes, of course. He called two sailors. They dragged me away. Why? Because I love her."

Mike said, deeply moved, "That settles it. There will be no more music on this boat."

"Strike?" Jacintho asked in alarm. "He will jail us. And I won't see her."

"No," Mike said. "No strike. The piano! It stands on the promenade deck. You can't play without a piano. Tonight we'll throw it overboard and say it was the storm."

"But will there be a storm?" Jacintho asked.

Mike went up and knocked at the barometer. "There will be a hurricane early in the morning," he pronounced.

After the dancing we waited until the last couples had disappeared between the lifeboats. There was the piano. Carefully, in pianissimo, we moved it toward the railing.

"One—two—*now!*" said Mike.

The strings gave a last mortal cry and then it vanished in the dark sea. Jacintho, who is from Buenos Aires, took off his cap and murmured some words. "We should have covered it with the flag," Mike said. "Let's go down and wait for the storm. I found a bottle of gin some place."

The gin did not make us very happy. It had been an old, good piano. "I wish we had thrown *him* into the water," Mike said, and that is how we all felt.

Outside, all was quiet. Soon the sun saw himself in the ocean. It was a perfect day. It was horrible.

At seven thirty the barman from the tourist class came with a bill. "Sign here," he told Mike. We read:

1 full quart of gin	$ 2.20
9 glasses, broken	0.90
1 piano, thrown overboard	135.00
1 cable to Trinidad, ordering new piano	2.55
Tax	3.22
Total	$143.87

"Never mind," Mike said, signing. "We are going to pay it out of the money the girl collected for us. It has been fun. What really worries me is the barometer. It said hurricane, yet—"

"One of the boys broke it yesterday," the barman said. "I let it hang anyway. Sorry, kid, but the purser orders you to stay in your quarters. No shore leave in Trinidad."

Jacintho scribbled something and asked the barman to give it to the blonde in 16A. Shortly afterward she came down, radiant, well slept, with shapely legs.

"Jacintho darling," she said. He kissed her hands. It was touching.

"Break it up, Dulcinea," Mike said. He is sometimes untouchable. "How much did you bring?"

"Two hundred and forty-six dollars," she said.

"Swell," said Mike. "That leaves each of us thirty-four dollars after the bill is paid. Where is the money?"

"The money?" She breathed deeply. "Didn't you find it? It was a surprise for Jacintho. The purser told me to put it there. An old maritime custom, he said."

"*Muchas gracias*, darling," Jacintho said and kissed her hands again. "You see, Mike? Love *is* beautiful. Where did you put the money, dearest?"

The blonde smiled happily. "In the piano, of course."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

40 ANSWERS

by Sigmund Spaeth

to his questions on page 34

1—(*a*) Chopin, Fantasie Impromptu; (*b*) Tchaikovsky, Fifth Symphony; (*c*) Ravel, Pavane; (*d*) Debussy, Reverie; (*e*) Tchaikovsky, Romeo and Juliet Fantasie Overture.

2—Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry; Oh, Susannah ("Don't you cry for me"); Oh, Dry Those Tears.

3—Star Dust; When You Wish upon a Star; Stars in Your Eyes.

4—Sunrise and You; Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie; Sunrise Serenade.

5—When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain; Once in a Blue Moon; Shine On, Harvest Moon; My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon; Moon, Dear; Carolina Moon.

6—Blue Orchids; Roses of Picardy; Violets; Lilacs in the Rain; When You Wore a Tulip; Sweet Bunch of Daisies.

7—Deep Purple; Red Sails in the Sunset; Little Brown Gal; Pink Elephants.

8—Blue Moon; Am I Blue? Blue Pajamas; My Blue Heaven; Blue Skies; Memphis Blues.

9—Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine; Up in a Balloon; Sailing; Steamboat Bill; A Bicycle Built for Two.

10—(*a*) To Anacreon in Heaven; (*b*) God Save the King; (*c*) The President's March.

11—Dixie, Yankee Doodle; A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, Goodbye Dolly Gray; Tipperary, Over There, The Long, Long Trail.

12—(*a*) K-k-k-Katy's young man; (*b*) Come home; (*c*) He was "afraid to go home in the dark."

13—Oh, Susannah; Happy Days Are Here Again; Sidewalks of New York.

14—My Old Kentucky Home; My Home in Tennessee; My Old New Hampshire Home; Back Home Again in Indiana; California, Here I Come; Somewhere in Old Wyoming.

15—Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; Shuffle Off to Buffalo; Chicago; St. Louis Blues; Memphis Blues; In Old New York.

16—Stormy Weather; Till the Clouds Roll By; Over the Rainbow; Rain on the Roof.

17—(*a*) 1903; (*b*) 1911; (*c*) composed 1917, published 1939.

18—Alone, All Alone; I'm a Lone Cowhand; Solitude.

19—Heart of My Heart, I Love You; My Heart Stood Still; The Curse of an Aching Heart; Love, Here Is My Heart.

20—I've Got You Under My Skin; Dancing Feet; Farewell to Arms; Hands Across the Table.

21—Kiss Me Again; A Kiss in the Dark; I Kiss Your Hand, Madame; I Must Have One More Kiss, Kiss, Kiss.

22—Back to Baltimore; Take Me Back to New York Town; I Want to Go Back (to Michigan, down on the farm); Back Home Again (in Indiana).

23—The Peanut Vendor; Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries; An Apple for the Teacher.

24—Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider; Tea for Two; Brown October Ale.

25—I've Got Five Dollars; Pennies from Heaven; Ten Cents a Dance.

26—(*a*) My Time Is Your Time; (*b*) When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain; (*c*) Thanks for the Memory; (*d*) Toselli's Serenade; (*e*) The Perfect Song.

27—When Yuba Plays the Tuba; Sam the Accordion Man; Play, Fiddle, Play; Man with a Mandolin

28—Baby Mine; Hello, My Baby; Pretty Baby; Baby's Birthday Party.

29—Three O'clock in the Morning; On the 5:15; At a Quarter to Nine.

30—Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye; Good-bye, Broadway, Hello, France; Bye-bye, Blues.

31—Good-night, Sweetheart; Good-night, Ladies; Good-night, My Love.

32—Hello, Frisco; Hello, My Baby; Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven.

33—Who Are You with To-night? Who's Your Little Whoozis? Who's Yehudi?

34—Pony Boy; The Old Gray Mare; Old Faithful; Cheyenne.

35—Old Dog Tray; Pink Elephants; The Cat Came Back.

36—Beautiful Ohio; The Banks of the Saskatchewan; Roll On, Mississippi; Old Man River.

37—The Hat My Father Wore; The Bird on Nellie's Hat; Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet; Sunbonnet Sue.

38—April Showers; June in January; September in the Rain; Brown October Ale.

39—Rose of Washington Square; My Wild Irish Rose; Rose of No Man's Land.

40—Charleston; Black Bottom; Lambeth Walk; The Grizzly Bear.

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IN its deep fold of the hills, the abandoned farm had a sinister air. The outhouses were all down, in varying stages of decay, and the main building stood slanting, as if a great hand, sometime, slapping from right to left, had struck it in the side. A grove of blue gums, monstrously grown, threw a pall of thick shadows upon it.

Four men had just packed themselves into a big open car standing in the middle of the yard. The girl who had been watching them from the door of the main building—a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, with a bright bandanna thrown over her shoulders—said, "Red!"

She got a grin from the freckled youth at the wheel. "It's O. K., Nance! See you this evening!"

But she insisted. "Red! Come here."

He threw a glance at the man who sat next to him, a heavy squat dark man with a flattened broken nose. "Be back in a minute, Volpe," he said, and the squat man scowled. Red reached the door, and the girl drew him into the big room with its signs of hasty rough camp. "You've been lying to me," she said tensely. "You four are on your way to some job!"

"No, we ain't, Nance! Just going to do a little casing in town. If there's a job later, I don't need to go into it."

"Volpe will get you into it," she said. "Last time you said you were through. And now . . ."

"Listen, Nance. Don't pull that long mug. I'm telling you the truth. We ain't doing anything today."

She shrugged her shoulders helplessly and let him go. She watched the car turn, and then go on down the rough wood road. Her rather pretty face was pinched and full of trouble.

In Crescent City, fifty miles away, Dulce's father was leaving for his office. He paused in the hallway and called up the stairs to Dulce's mother:

"All right, then: I'm leaving you the roadster!"

"Thanks, darling," she called back. "Good-by!"

Dulce's father, leaving his new roadster behind—and it was the apple of his eye—went rolling down to his office in the familiar old family bus.

she scattered the little cows, sheep, and camels. She turned now to matters of defense. Picking up her soldiers one by one, she applied herself to the formation of a line of outposts along the rumble's precipitous edges.

She would stand one up at a precise strategic spot, guarding the sleeping royal family and facing the outer hostile world, and he'd slip off and roll back into the rumble. She would pounce upon him, dust him off, plant him again. "Stand up, blam you!" she exhorted, her voice a small cormorant's. "Stand up!" she shrieked, "you blam little ee-dee-iot!"

It was all very difficult. There were moments when she had to declare she didn't know what she'd do. The air in the rumble was crackling.

She looked like an angel, Dulce. At

both father and mother. It seemed to them clear that if Dulce, out of the many hundred words flying continuously about her, chose those that she did choose, it must be because she liked them. Her father and mother might call her Dulce, which in Spanish means sweet, if they wanted to, but . . .

In the rumble, she had now completed her arrangements, and the atmosphere was clearing. She let herself go to her knees; small chin on the leather seat, she contemplated through half-closed eyes the world that she had built. It was good. All around, on rampart nooks and crannies, the small warriors stood on guard. Safe within the far-flung line, quiet sheep and camels and cows peacefully cropping at their feet, the Queen and the two Princesses slum-

BY JAMES HOPPER

Little Dynamite

The side-porch screen door now squeaked open. Dulce stuck her small nose outside and reconnoitered. The sun was bright, the green lawn gleamed, the flowers glowed. Dulce stepped out upon the porch, carrying a cardboard box in which jiggled, higgledy-piggledy, what she called her "pwecious things"—miniature cows and camels and sheep and many soldiers made of tin—and dragging the Queen and the two Princesses, and their big bamboo bed.

Her eyes fell upon the new roadster, shining there in the driveway. Its top was up, and the deep rumble compartment yawned invitingly. "Hot diggedy-dam-dam!" she muttered as she ran over to it.

Standing a-tiptoe, she shoveled everything overside into the rumble, climbed in after. "Hot diggedy-dam-dam!" she repeated conclusively, in a tone now of complete satisfaction.

The bamboo bed had landed upright in the center of the yellow leather seat; she laid the Queen and the two Princesses in it, and the bed became a throne, and also, more vaguely, a castle. At the foot of the bed, in a space that became a green meadow,

least, like that kind of angel which hangs from a Christmas tree. Her curls were of gold, her eyes big and blue, her little mouth was very red. She looked like an angel; it was therefore natural that her peculiar ways of speech should awaken a certain amount of discussion.

Her mother, putting on an air of speaking apropos of nothing, now and then would allude to a theory that said that children were apt to be "conditioned" by the atmosphere in which they dwelt. Dulce's father knew full well that it was his gardening which was being attacked. It is almost impossible to garden without pruning off one's knuckles once in a while, or dropping something very heavy on one's toe.

He would therefore carefully counter. He launched a discourse on the beauties of domestic efficiency. Such a virtue, however, he regretfully added, had its perils: the roast cremated or the big tall cake fallen. A little housewife might express surprise in terms not very favorable to that "conditioning," which he didn't know what it meant.

But the neighbors disagreed with

bered beneath their cloth of gold.

The sun had risen higher; it was now beating down hard on the small yellow head. Slowly Dulce slipped down to the bottom of the rumble; soft cheek on chubby arm, she went to sleep.

Some forty blocks south of there, where the town thickened into a subsidiary business quarter, a touring car carrying four men slid into a vacant place along the curb a hundred feet from the City and County Bank's North Branch.

The squat dark man got out, as did the two men in the rear seat. The redheaded youth with the reckless smile remained at the wheel, the car in gear, with engine running, only the kicked-in clutch pedal holding it in place. The three who had got out strolled as if idly into the bank. Then a flat automatic suddenly was in the squat man's right fist. "Stand fast, everybody!" he roared as he stationed himself just inside the entrance door. "Watch out! Don't move!"

The few customers in the bank at the moment dropped to the floor. Already the second man, flitting like a

ghost along the front of the counter, had come to the last window. Pushing his heavy gun into the cashier's face, he made him open the cage door. The third of the invaders had stepped through the little swinging door near the entrance. The two now stood inside the counter, one at each end, enfilading the five clerks. "Stand back, everybody!" they rasped. "Lie down! Don't touch anything!"

Then each, drawing a small canvas sack from beneath his coat, started to walk toward the other slowly along the rear of the counter. At the windows they spilled out upon the desk the coins and the bills in the drawers and trays, and then raked the whole into the canvas sacks. The squat man, just inside the entrance door, was filling the place with curses and threats: "Anybody moves gets his guts blown out." "Want a slug in the noodle?"

THE two behind the counter had almost come together when he let out a deep "Hell!" of dismay. A customer lying on the floor at the far end had taken a chance: springing to his feet he had vanished through a rear door. "We're ranked!" the squat man roared. "Out, Pete! Out, Dan! All out!"

And the two behind the counter, hiding their bulging bags under their coats, gun in hand, flitted out through the small gate and out through the front door while the squat man stood a moment longer, waving his gun. Outside, the redheaded youth at the wheel, without turning his head, saw the two coming; the car was already on the move when, hurling their sacks in before them, they sprawled into the rear seat. The squat man, arriving last, leaped upon the running board and slipped in by the driver.

The red-haired youth was grinning as if highly amused. Grinning, he slid the car by the policeman still innocently directing traffic at the intersection, and shot it to the next one. The light was against him here, but without hesitation he shoved into the traffic's cross stream, and, laughing at the screams of brakes, the maledictions hurled at him from all sides, wormed and darted through.

But by this time a commandeered limousine was in pursuit, the traffic policeman crouching on the running board. The redheaded driver roared his car north along the avenue in thinning traffic; with quick flickerings of his eyeballs, he was measuring the progress of the black limousine. "They're crawling up on us," he reported out of the corner of his mouth to his squat companion. "This hot heap of ours ain't so hot!"

The squat man turned in his seat and drew his gun. "Hold it!" said the driver. "I'll show you."

He slowed a bit till the pursuing limousine had neared; then, as he came to a small intersecting street, threw his car broadside in a shrieking skid. It stood there, inert for a moment, then, to the slamming down of his foot on the gas, shot into the narrow street, while the limousine, like a hurricane, went by, helpless to make the turn.

He slid the car along the narrow street, turned again, slid on, turned again. He turned and twisted, but always making northward, toward the residential district, toward open country. Then, in another lightning turn into a broad avenue that led out of town, he missed. That left front wheel seemed hardly to have flecked the curb, yet now it was flying to pieces. The car, in a series of huge bounds, came to a stop, its nose crushed against a hydrant. The four men got out.

They stood immobile for a short moment, then the two who had been in the back seat, with a muttered "See you at the farm," walked away with a show of carelessness, then suddenly vanished around the corner. The squat man and the red-haired youth, standing shoulder to shoulder, were giving their position a quick but cool and sharp survey. Each had picked up a sack of the booty and had thrust it under his coat; each was fingering the automatic in his pocket. Simultaneously they saw the car.

A FEW feet away a house with wide lawn slept in the sun, blinds drawn, colored awnings lowered, and the car stood in the driveway. It was a powerful roadster, lean, with lines promising speed. The two men ran toward it. The key was in the ignition lock. "Just take it, it's yours!" the redheaded youth chortled, and set the engine roaring as the squat man, a bit slower, plumped down beside him. The car shot backward into the middle of the avenue, then curved forward into it. And looking back they saw, only a block away, the once outmaneuvered limousine. "There's the old coffin again," said the redheaded driver. "Watch my smoke!"

They sped up the avenue, the black limousine after them. It had picked up another cop, the limousine; there was one on each running board now. And little tongues of fire were spitting out of their automatics. A bullet drilled the windshield. The squat man cowered low, but the redheaded youth laughed loud.

They were drawing away fast, and now the limousine was slowing, was stopping. "The dicks have run out of gas!" the redheaded driver jeered.

And they left the town behind and came into the highway. They zoomed smoothly along, then, on a long curve, with no car in sight ahead or behind, turned into a rough dirt road, and the car began to buck. On they went, taking one rough unpaved road after the other, pushing deeper into the hills, to the place they had left several hours ago, and in the door of the half-ruined main building the girl with the bright bandanna waited as though she had not stirred since. Her hands went to her heart now in an unconscious gesture, as she watched the two men getting out of the car.

The redheaded youth seemed to be struggling with some sort of uncertainty or embarrassment; he was taking refuge in that attitude which seemed his main resort in a crisis: he was laughing. "Everything hunky-dory, Nance! Nobody hurt, nobody scratched—and a clean break-away! And looka here!"

He reached down into the car and, stepping toward her, threw down at her feet one of the bulging sacks.

She dropped on it the merest flicker of a glance, and then her eyes rose to him again, and a heavy sullenness was in her face. "You promised, Red!" she said in her low voice.

"I know! But, hell, it was easy! We were just going to case the place, but it looked so easy! Listen. We got away with it! Everything perfect!"

He stared. A yellow head was emerging from the car's rumble compartment, and then a small angel face!

She had had quite a ride, Dulce.

She had slept peacefully in the depths of the rumble as long as the car sped along smooth surfaces. When it had swung into the dirt roads and the hills, however, she had awakened as if in an earthquake. Above her golden head her patiently constructed world was flying to pieces. Leaden warriors, dislodged from their posts, rained down, hot as bees; bayonets, swords, spears, arrows pricked her skin, and camels were in her hair. The bamboo bed, emptied of Princesses and Queen, was sliding around like a loose cannon on a ship in storm. In rising temper, she had fought against this monstrous disorder while out of her Cupid's-bow lips the choicest bits of her vocabulary exploded and took flight.

FINALLY it had come to her she was attacking the phenomenon from the wrong end. Rising on toes, she endeavored to address the driver. But the top was up; all she could see was its rear wall, close to her small nose, and made of stout leather. She beat upon it with both hands, she sought to force her commands through it. "Stop bumping!" she cried. "Stop bumping, you blam-blam yackass!"

The roar of the engine, the whistling of the wind dispersed this protest. She could not see, even, who was driving. She rather thought—without editing her verbal outbursts—that it was her father. "Stop bumping!" she shrieked. "Stop bumping, you dope!"

But the car's pitch and roll was growing only the more violent, and finally a little trickle of alarm had oozed into her truculence. She dropped on her small seat to the bottom of the rumble, and remained quiet, swashing back and forth, together with her Zouaves and her Abyssinians, the Queen and the Princesses and their bed.

It was therefore a much annoyed

Dulce who, in the restored peace and silence, now raised her head out of the rumble to see what it was all about. Golden in the darkish clearing, she examined the group standing there some fifty feet from her. Red was nearer and also taller; she chose him out of the three. "You big blam fool!" she cried, pronouncing the word with three f's. "You bumped all my toys off, you big blam fffool!"

Leisurely she started to climb out, down the curved mudguard, with some effect of dismounting a horse along its tail. She landed on both feet, and now saw the windshield and its round little hole and its spider-web pattern of shattered glass. "And you broke my car!" she furiously wailed.

Very directly she walked toward Red till she stood in his very shadow. "You big palooka, you!" she said clearly.

And with firm precision, she kicked him in the shin.

PROFOUND amazement had frozen every one at the first stir of her appearance, but Red quickly recovered. "Aouch!" he cried as he received Dulce's attention, and with a wink directed toward Nancy, sank to the ground in a clownish show of great pain. But Dulce was in no mood to be placated as easily as that. "There!" she said regally, and turning on her heels, strode back to the car and disappeared within. A thrashing, a rustling inside the rumble, punctuated with little angry grunts, told them that she was applying herself to the reconstruction of her destroyed small world.

Into sight, out of sight—it had been just a flash. But over Volpe's dark face a darker veil had fallen, and the girl Nancy was standing there, terrified. "A kidnaping," she sang in her low voice. "That's what we've come to—a kidnaping!"

Red was no longer playing. "Drop it, Nance! It wasn't no snatch! We didn't know the kid was in the car!"

"A kidnaping," she repeated darkly. "It will be a kidnaping in court, all right! And in this state . . .!"

"Nancy, it ain't no kidnaping!"

"The chair," she half whispered. "That's what it means. . . ."

The three had gathered close. "Oh, what are we going to do?" she wailed.

And then, in a scream, "Volpe!"

For Volpe knew what they were going to do. He was striding toward the car, and his hand, which had gone into his pocket, was coming out with his gun. "Volpe!" she screamed again.

He half turned to throw his scowl upon Red. "Hold the skirt!" he growled, and resumed his way toward the car and the nestlike, little noises in the rumble.

But Nancy had thrown herself upon him with all her strength, with all her soul, with despair. Her hands closed about the gun. He was strong. He tried a few solid jerks, half contemptuously. But she was holding on. His rage grew, he jerked harder. But she was clinging desperately, any way at all, by the trigger, by the barrel; her slim white hands covered the muzzle. He went wild now at this obstinate feminine resistance. He was giving huge jerks to the gun now, and she, still attached, was being thrown this way and that, hurled up into the air, slammed down to earth, while she still clung, eyes shut, in a sort of delirium of desolate tenacity.

Red found himself emerging from the surprise which paralyzed him. He stepped in. From behind he passed his arms around Volpe. There was a sharp convulsion in the locked struggle, and the gun flew out of it in a sizzling line. It struck the side of the car and dropped to the ground. And Nancy herself, as if catapulted, went staggering backward across the space, and brought up, too, against the car, where she remained, holding on, dizzy and sick and exhausted.

Her limbs trembled, a great weight was upon her, she could not move; she saw the two men, struggling almost at her feet, only through a haze.

The two men were in a death grapple. Volpe, he was a terror of strength! Oh, Volpe, he was like a gorilla! Oh, why did Red let him get in close! Oh! Volpe had his arms around Red now. Those long thick gorilla arms. He was raising Red up in the air, he was slamming him down. He was on him like a bear—and still she could not move.

DULCE, at her creation within the rumble, had heard the resonant *pinging* of an object striking the flank of the car. She was becoming a little weary and hence an easy prey to outer stimuli. Bobbing up like a jack-in-the-box, she leaned out of the rumble as if from a balcony; small rear up, head down, she explored the ground with her eyes. There it was, the thing that had hit the car, on the ground close to the wheel. It was a funny-looking thing; maybe something you could play with. She climbed down, picked it up, and examined it.

She felt some one stir at her side, and looked up. It was that girl with the bright bandanna. A wayward desire to act the polite little girl suddenly seized Dulce's capricious small soul. She peered up into Nancy's face sweetly. "Want that?" she said.

Nancy's eyes lowered to the object held up toward her. "Oh, yes!" she breathed huskily.

And now Nancy's strength had returned, and with it had come clearness of vision. She knew what she was going to do, now. And she could move her legs again, and her arms, and her whole body. She stepped over to the struggling men and firmly placed the automatic's barrel against Volpe's back. "Volpe! Let go or I drill you."

Volpe's long crushing arms opened.

"Stand up!"

He stood up.

"Your hands. Put them up!"

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Volpe's hands went up as directed.

"Red," she said, keeping her eyes on Volpe, "come over and stand by Volpe."

Red came over and stationed himself at Volpe's side. He was disheveled and bleeding but he was grinning.

"Red. You put up your hands, too."

Red did not like that. "Say, Nancy," he drawled, "for the . . ."

"Put up your hands!"

He put up his hands.

She marched the two men to the bench in front of the main building. "Sit down, Volpe."

Her eyes were on Volpe's boots—field boots, with new laces. "Red, take the laces out of Volpe's boots."

"Say-ay! For . . ."

"Yank those laces!"

When glowering Volpe's laces were out of the boots, Red awaited the next order with curiosity. He did not have long to wait. "Take the laces and tie his hands up. Behind his back!"

Dulce had returned to her Princesses, her soldiers, and her cattle. But that world was beginning to dull a bit. She stuck her head out of the rumble again and watched. "Whatshu doing?" she asked, interested.

"Playing," Nancy called back without looking. "Stay where you are, dear."

Dulce remained where she was. A little tin Fuzzy-Wuzzy with spear and shield had caught in her hair. She disengaged it pensively, her eyes on that game over there. "Why don't you tie his legs up too?" she offered helpfully.

"Red," said Nancy. "Tie his ankles."

This was too much for Red, who must stop and have his little laugh before he obeyed. He was holding hard to an attitude of private merriment. Rising from his task about Volpe's ankles, he suddenly changed. "And now," he said, as if one finished with a joke, "drop it, Nancy! Can that face," he said tolerantly, "and drop that gun, and drop the business. Fixing Volpe up till he cools off, that's all right. But now you're through, ain't you?"

But she was facing him, serious too. And her head was swinging from side to side slowly in an emphatic no. "No, Red, I'm not through! Oh, no, I'm not through! Come over here with me," she said.

He went over there with her, and that was where the two little sacks of booty still lay on the ground. She picked one up and placed it in the car; she picked up the second and put it in the car. "What are you doing?" he muttered uneasily.

But Dulce, in the rumble, was definitely tiring of the outing. "I want to go home!" she complained loudly. "I want to go home, dod blam!"

"That's where we are going," said Nancy; and keeping the car between her and Red, raised the child and transferred her to the front seat. "Come on, Red," she said. "Get in."

His face was heavy and sullen. She made a little gesture of despair. "It's our only chance, Red. Can't you *see* it's our only chance? We'll take the child back—we simply *got* to!—and we'll take the swag back too, and then they'll let you off easy. I'll beg for you, Red. I'll go down on my knees for you!"

He still stood there, sullen.

But Dulce's desire to be off had reached the point of impatience. "You take me home, you big lug," she recommended threateningly.

This simple order seemed to achieve where the complicated plea had failed. "Oke," said Red, with sudden cheerfulness, and slipped in behind the wheel. Nancy climbed in by the child.

But there was Volpe. "How about Volpe?" Red was grinning. "Leaving him tied up?"

She frowned over the problem, and even as she frowned, it was solved. Dangerously. Red's work had been careless. Even as she looked back, she saw Volpe spring from the bench. Legs free, loosened laces hanging from his wrists, he was charging toward them across the yard, his face black with insane rage. "Red!" she screamed. And felt the car leap forward.

For a long moment Volpe was going faster than the car; for a long moment he was catching up. For a long moment his hands clutched only a few inches from the car. Then the car gathered speed, left him behind, left him invisible, and soon left the clearing, the farm, invisible too.

And now they seemed really on their way, down the long-abandoned rough wagon track, going toward town. The day was gone, darkness was gathering, and anxiety still possessed Nancy. Red—you could never tell what Red might do. Watching him as he drove, she could see that he was smiling to himself, as if in enjoyment of some secret joke.

When the car suddenly stopped, her heart stopped also.

He was looking across at her, over the child's head; he was laughing silently. His hand, out of his pocket, drew his automatic. "Forgot I had this, didn't you? All the time you were acting up, back there, I had it! Now you got one and I got one!"

The car went on. It was pitch dark now, and the worry was eating at her worse than ever. How could she have forgotten that gun! Of course he had his own gun! Had had it all the time! What was he going to do now?

She felt Dulce go limp in her encircling arm; she drew the warm little sleeping body up to her lap. Her mouth touched the light soft curls. It was out of the curls that she spoke again after a while. "Red!"

"Yes?"

"You see it's the only way, don't you? To go back? I'll fight for you, I'll beg for you, you just see! . . ."

"Yeh!" he said sardonically in the darkness.

The car rolled on, pitching, creaking.

"And all the time you're in—if they put you in—and it'll be just a short time—I'll be waiting for you. I'll wait for you—and then we can start again—some other way maybe."

"Yeh-eh!"

Her heart stopped again. He had stopped the car, he was getting out. She heard him thrash invisibly in a clump of willows.

He was back again. He was stripping a willow branch of its leaves and its twigs. His hand went into

one of the car pockets and came out holding a white rag. He tied it to the end of the willow stick. "Hold that," he said.

She took the stick and held it upright, and now, as the car resumed its way along the rough dirt roads, the white rag fluttered above, vague in the night.

They came out of the hills and to the highway. He backed up a little, into the shelter of a bluff, stopped, and snapped off the lights. A police car passed with shrieking siren along the highway. "Must be after somebody!" he chortled.

Dulce stirred in her sleep. "Blam!" she said softly.

He snapped on the lights, and made a careful turn into the highway, toward town. "Hold that flag up, Nance. We're going to need it."

DULCE was having breakfast with her mother and father the next morning, when suddenly she began to feel a bit the heroine. "Father," she said, "mommer," and the tip of her tongue wrapped itself delicately about a drop of honey on her lip, "know why that man brought me back home?"

"Why?" said her mother and her father together.

"'Cause I kicked him in the shin, the big baboon!"

A silence followed. They did not like to leave her under this impression of the efficacy of simple violence. It was her father who sacrificed himself. "Listen, Dulce. Those were bad people, but even bad people have good in them. And it's the good in them that made these particular people bring you back to your father and mother—not the kick in the shin!"

Dulce tipped her head and glanced up at her father. He was blushing a little. "Well," said Dulce, "all the same, I did kick him in the shin!"

THE END

JAMES HOPPER

born in Paris of an Irish father and a French mother, came to the U. S. at ten. After graduating from the University of California, he became a reporter, went to the Philippines, and returned with his first stories. He was an overseas correspondent during the World War.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

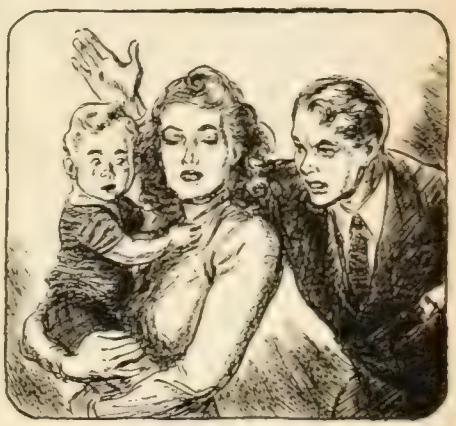
by Oliver Swift

★★★ **ROMANTIC REBEL:** The Life and Times of George Sand, by Felizia Seyd. Viking Press.

An interpretation of the great romantic feminist and her epoch . . . a three-dimensional portrait of an enigmatic and fascinating woman, painted against a background of the social, political, and cultural history of nineteenth-century France.

"You're turning my own child against me!"

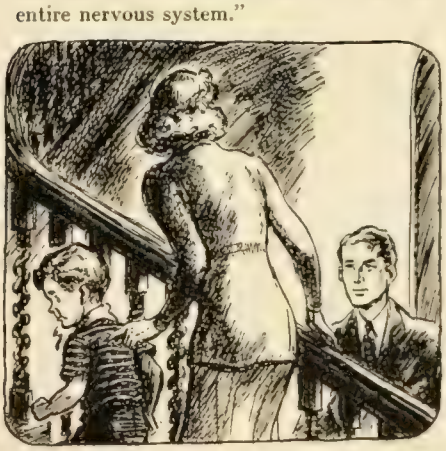
1. Johnny needed that spanking, *I* thought. Mary didn't agree. She took him in her arms and *protected* him from *me*. Johnny clung to her—the look in his eyes made me feel like a brute. "I hate you! I hate you!" he sobbed.



2. Those words stung! Johnny is the apple of my eye, and I want him to think I'm pretty swell, too. "You're turning that child against me," I stormed. "I don't enjoy spanking him. But he's got to learn he can't act up every time he has to take a laxative."

3. "But he's only a child," Mary pleaded, "and that awful-tasting stuff terrifies him. I told the doctor about these scenes today. He says it's bad to force a child to take a bad-tasting medicine. It's apt to shock his entire nervous system."

4. "According to the doctor, children should get a laxative that tastes good—one they take *willingly!* But NOT an adult laxative. A child's system is delicate, after all—and needs a special laxative. The doctor recommends Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "He says it tastes good—and it's designed for children *and only* children. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. It's gentle and thorough—contains no harsh drugs. And above all else, Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE!"

6. Well, I was off in a jiffy for a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. And it's turned out to be all the doctor said. But more than that—Johnny's my boy again. No more tantrums when he needs a laxative. He comes a running to his dad for Fletcher's Castoria!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Romance grows tense as a bewildered girl tries to run away from her heart

Unexpected Uncle

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

KATHLEEN BROWN, once a salesgirl at the Palm Beach branch of Parkes-Fifth Avenue, now the fiancée of wealthy Johnsy Hamilton, who owns a large shoe factory in New England, comes North with her adopted uncle, Seton Mansley, to be with Johnsy, who is trying to settle a strike at his plant. She sees very little of him, however, and bitterly resents the fact that he is allowing his business to come between them.

Uncle Seton, debonair and important-looking—even though he makes his living by his skill at cards and horseshoe pitching—sympathizes with her and determines to try to save her and Johnsy's romance. In Palm Beach he met Carol West, a friend of Johnsy, and Carol took under her wing a man named Horace Quenton, who was once a union organizer. Seton suddenly decides to telephone Carol and tells Johnsy's assembled dinner guests that he expects soon "to raise some dust around here."

PART NINE—A FIGHT FOR A FADING DREAM

IT took Seton Mansley considerably longer to start raising his particular type of dust around Hamilton City than he had planned, because no matter how far he blew out his cheeks and no matter how strong the torrent of words he poured into telephone instruments, he was quite unable to catch up with Carol West, and Carol was vital to the slight reorganization of the Johnson Hamilton Company that he had in mind. Carol was the keystone, the crux or nub of his plan. Without her he was sunk, and Carol had gone gallivanting. He didn't even bother to try and locate her through Horace Quenton. Quenton, he knew, was a roped calf. Where Carol went he would go. He bided his time in impatience. Thus for ten days.

During the ten days his heart bled regularly for Kathleen. She was aging under his eyes. Hamilton City and Sarah, who was making her miserable with patronizing sympathy for Johnsy's almost total absence, were doing something to her which

The gateman came forward. "Hello, Miss Brown," he said. "You come to pay us a visit?"

battling for a living had never been able to do. They were taking the twin stars of hope and joy of living out of her eyes. She wasn't enjoying living in the slightest degree.

From time to time Sanford was told off to take her and Mansley to the movies, or to motor with them over the snow-wrapped hills. Kathleen got winter snuffles, and Mansley, though he'd been able to get the temperature inside the house and inside the limousine maintained at a steady seventy-six, felt if he never saw another winter at close hand it would be too soon.

The tenth day Kathleen, fed to the teeth with being Queen of Hamilton City in a state of siege, decided on action. Right after lunch she hauled on galoshes and a raincoat and, leaning against the wind-whipped snow, made her way to the garage. There she took Johnsy's coupé and drove into the city. She wanted to go to the plant and see what she could do about helping Johnsy. She drove up to the gate, stopped the car at the curb and started to get out. A little crowd of idle men watched her. Then the gateman, recognizing her from her pictures, took off his cap and came forward.

"Hello, Miss Brown," he said. "You come to pay us a visit?"

"Hello," said Kathleen. "Uh-huh."

"Well, then, you better drive in. Wouldn't want you to walk in the snow, you know."

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(Continued on page 48)

Kathleen pointed to a sign over the gate forbidding the passage of automobiles.

"But it says . . ."

"That doesn't mean you," said the gateman, smiling. "You just drive anywheres you want. Tell you what. Wait a minute an' I'll have the super come down and show you round."

One of the men who had been watching stepped forward.

"I'll take her round," he said. He grinned at Kathleen. "I'm supposed to be sittin' down or picketin' or boycottin' or something, but since you're Johnsy's fiancée, well, I'll skip the ethics for a spell."

Kathleen grinned back at him. He was big and tall and young and made her think of Horace Quenton.

"I'm not here as Johnsy's fiancée," she said. "This is a private trip."

"Don't make no moment," said the man. "I'll show you round anyhow."

Kathleen started the car and the man stood on the running board and they drove in through the gate and stopped at the entrance to one of the buildings and Kathleen got out. The man took her arm and helped her up a step and held the door open for her. She went on into the building, which was filled with the thunder of heavy machinery. A foreman came up, was introduced, and shook hands. Then he leaned forward and said, "Nice of you to come see us, Miss Brown."

He led her then along the rows of machines, the first man following in their wake. They made a royal progress, stopping now and then and talking to the men who put life into the machines. All of them seemed not only pleased but honored by Kathleen's obviously genuine interest. All of them were friendly. And then Kathleen, with the best intention in the world, put her foot in it.

THEY had reached the end of a line and stepped out into a hallway where it was quieter. Several of the machine operators, off duty, were smoking cigarettes. Kathleen was introduced to them. Then she turned to her guide.

"Look," she said. "You all treat me here like I was a princess or something that would break. I tried to tell you at the gate I didn't come here to make a—a royal tour. I came because I'm just like you are. I've worked for a living all my life. I've got a Social Security number and everything, and I thought maybe if you knew I was just like you are it would help Johnsy."

To her amazement, this didn't get across at all. She could feel resentment all around her. She couldn't understand it. She thought they ought to have resented her making a royal tour, not resent her saying she worked for a living.

"Johnsy's all right," said her guide. And the foreman said, "Sure, Johnsy's all right. Anything else you want to see?"

It was polite enough, but Kathleen knew. The warmth had gone out of them.

"Not now," she said. "No, thank you. But thanks very much for showing me around."

And biting her lip to keep it still, she let her guide show her to the coupé, got in, and, almost in tears, drove home. There she hurried to Mansley, huddled by the fire in the small library, and told him what had happened.

Mansley handed over a silk handkerchief without being asked for it. Then he said, "Chick, don't you know the skilled modern workman is the proudest, most class-conscious aristocrat left in a heaving world? He doesn't *want* his boss' wife to have a Social Security number so long as a pal of his works for Mrs. Vanderastor Schuylerbilt's husband."

"Caesar's wife," said Kathleen.

"Exactly," said Mansley.

"Not for baby," said Kathleen. "I can't be something I'm not, Uncle Seton. You know that. Even—even for Johnsy."

MANSLEY looked at her for a long moment. When he spoke his voice was soft, which annoyed him.

"I've known that always," he said. "It's one of the reasons I was almost sure coming here was a mistake."

Kathleen began to cry, quietly and without expression. Mansley was putting into words something she'd been feeling from the moment Johnsy had shut her away from him in his talk with Sanford. Up till now she'd been pretending as hard as she could that it wasn't so. Keeping sobs out of her voice, she said, "You mean—being engaged to Johnsy—isn't any good."

"No," said Mansley. "I mean being engaged to Johnsy's headache isn't any good."

"Sarah?"

"Oh, no," said Mansley. "You can handle Sarah. I mean Hamilton City."

"But Johnsy *is* Hamilton City."

Mansley nodded.

"I know," he said. "But that isn't what you fell in love with. You fell in love with a guy who had sense enough to see the value of leaving a man like that jackanapes Clayton standing in the middle of Worth Avenue holding a bear. A guy with a twisted smile. A guy who liked the same things you like. You didn't fall in love with a gloomy-puss who hasn't sense enough to see the only thing that matters in the whole world is making you happy."

Kathleen stopped crying.

"Is that how *you* feel?" she said.

Mansley kicked a footstool across the room.

"Yes, that's how I feel!" he snapped. He went on, his voice soft again. "We don't either of us belong here, Kathleen. We're free people. I want to take you away. I wish I'd brought my trailer. That's *another* thing. Could we come in the trailer? No. Why not? Because Johnsy Hamilton's fiancée can't arrive places in a trailer. She has to take a super-special streamliner. She's a slave to

public opinion, that's what she is. So'm I. I'm her uncle."

Kathleen suddenly thought back to her conversation with Carol West on the beach at Hobe Sound. Carol had been in love with Johnsy. Carol had gotten over being in love with Johnsy because of the things Mansley was talking about. Kathleen, to her astonishment, found herself wishing she wasn't in love with Johnsy. If she wasn't, she wouldn't be here and she wouldn't be unhappy. Carol had got over it all right. Maybe she could get over it too. She didn't think she could, but Uncle Seton wanted her to be happy and he wanted to take her away and he was wise. He wanted to take her away from Johnsy.

Kathleen sank down in the big worn leather chair. She was torn. To be back in the sunshine, to be herself again, to laugh—it would be like getting out of school in the spring. But to leave Johnsy meant giving up a dream that had started to come true. Then she began to think about it from Johnsy's point of view, and a moment later, in a voice so calm and grown up that it surprised Mansley, she said, "I can't leave him when he's in trouble. I couldn't like myself if I did that to him."

"You're not making him happy, you know, being here. He knows he's losing you. I can see it. He knows he's losing you, but he doesn't do anything about it."

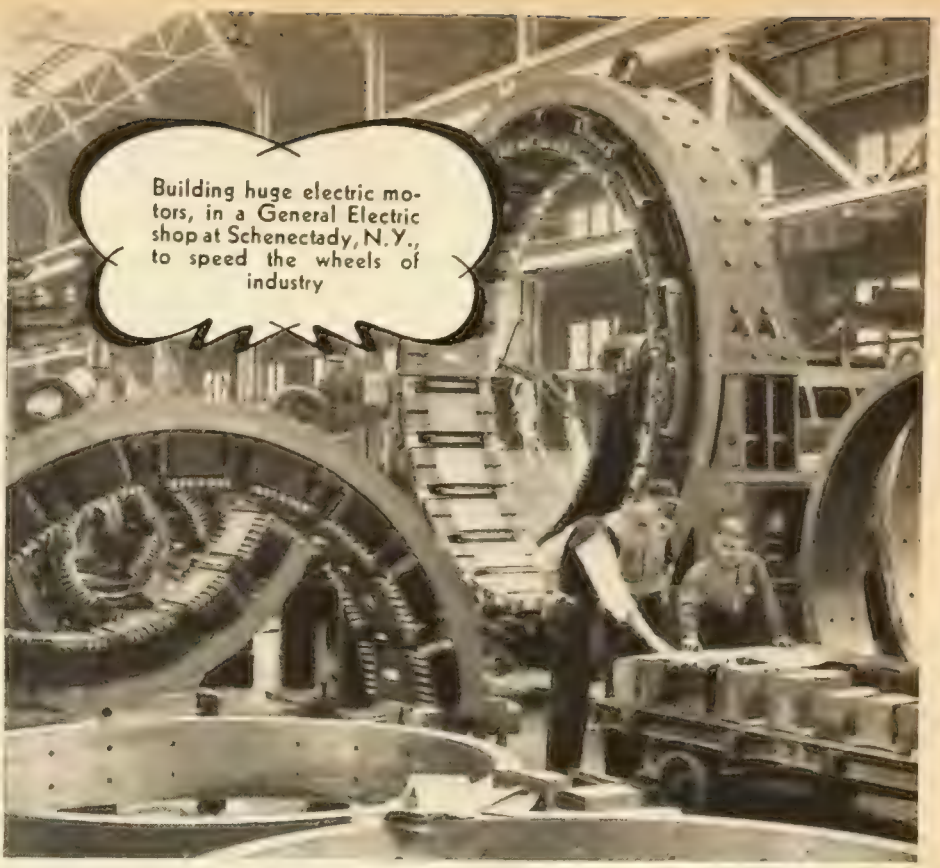
"WHAT *could* he do?" cried Kathleen. "He can't pay attention to *me* when he's got the factory to see to and all those workmen."

Mansley laughed and turned about. "You know," he said, "if I was Johnsy I think I'd rather see to you. Properly seen to, you wouldn't ever think of striking the way they do. Of course that's what you ought to do right now. But you won't. Even if I told you it meant Johnsy's only chance of ever finding happiness, you wouldn't do it. If you did, I wouldn't have any use for you. I'd—I'd disinherit you, but I had to suggest it."

Kathleen got up then and kissed his wonderful expensive cheek and told him she loved him very much and thought he was marvelous. He blew his cheeks out at that and said, "Bosh," and "Sloppy sentiment." Then, when she had gone back to the big chair, he looked at her out of the corner of his eye.

"By the way," he said, "the reason I spoke about going back South again right now was that the Hargreaves have chartered a yacht and Tommy wants us to go on a cruise with him to Havana."

Kathleen, who had been drooping, sat up quickly. It was typical of her that she never thought to ask whether Mansley had picked up this bit of information by telegram or by carrier pigeon, or that it was odd Tommy hadn't addressed the invitation to her. It never occurred to her that Mansley might not have received any communication whatsoever. He hadn't. He had seen in the



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(Continued from page 46)

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(Continued from October 26 issue)

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THE ROSICRUCIANS
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New York paper that arrived that morning that the Hargreaves had chartered a yacht and he was perfectly certain Tommy wanted Kathleen, and of necessity himself, to go on a cruise with them. Still looking at her out of the corner of his eye to see how this was getting across, he saw it was going big.

Kathleen hadn't thought about Tommy Hargreave in days, but now he loomed as a symbol of a time that had been the happiest she had ever known.

"For a couple of weeks," said Mansley, and saw her face light up and her eyes go dreamy, and knew she was feeling the soft air of semi-tropic nights and seeing the sun flashing on the ocean. Then the light faded in her eyes.

"You know I'd love it," she said. "And you know I can't."

Mansley did know. But he was disappointed now because for a small moment there Kathleen had wanted to go.

THAT night Johnsy didn't get home for dinner at all. Mansley and Kathleen dined alone in state, for Sarah had gone off to play bridge. It was a long evening. Outside it was snowing again; inside, the steam pipes were rattling and the oil burner was roaring and Mansley sat so close to the library fire that twice the soles of his shoes started smoking. From time to time he gave Kathleen such woebegone sorry-for-himself looks that she laughed at him the way she had in the train.

At midnight they went to bed. It was the dreariest evening of a long line of dreary evenings. Kathleen cried herself to sleep. Mansley was too cold to sleep. He lay in bed trying to work out how he could have a sufficient number of blankets on the bed to keep warm enough to sleep without the weight of them keeping him awake. At one thirty he got up with most of his blankets and went back to the fire in the small library. At two, Johnsy Hamilton came home.

Mansley heard him slam the front door behind him and stomp across the hall and up the stairs and along the hall overhead. Then he heard the footsteps disappear and then come back, only they weren't stomping now. He sat up and listened. Once again the steps went away and returned. Mansley got up and went out into the hall and a little way up the wide stairway. Then he heard Johnsy knock on a door, and he looked as nearly aghast as it is possible for a man who has been everywhere and done everything to look. Then a look of puzzlement came over him and he reached up and scratched his tousled head.

"As an uncle," he said, "what am I supposed to do about *this?*"

He heard the knock repeated and then heard the door open and softly close. He yanked the blankets up around his neck and sat down on the stairs and tried to think like an uncle.

"Of course they are engaged," he said, and thought for a little along this line. Then he said, his voice panicky, "But that isn't anything *like* the same as being married!"

He hunched himself to his feet and climbed the rest of the way up the staircase and sat down on the top step.

"I'm a hell of an uncle," he said; and then, excusing himself, as always, "Of course they're *going* to be married. After all, a little sentiment—a little hand-holding . . ." Then he looked horrified again. "Hand-holding! In this day and age! What am I thinking of!"

He started to get up, sat down again, utterly dejected.

"No," he said with a sigh, "you stay here, Seton. Don't insult the

"Tit for tat—I was once his teacher!"

chick by thinking everybody's like you are."

He leaned against the banisters and dozed, but a draft kept swirling up the stairs and getting in under his blanket. Then he tried to figure out why he was sitting there and wasn't able to, except that he felt he should, the way people wait up for debutantes who've gone to night clubs. He'd hardly got this halfway straight in his mind when he was thoroughly startled by the door slamming violently shut. He looked around just in time to see Johnsy, his face black as Black Friday, come storming toward him along the hall.

Johnsy saw Mansley and stopped.

"What are *you* doing?" he shouted.

Mansley smiled up at him sweetly.

"Just being an uncle," he said.

"What the hell do you mean?" roared Johnsy. He had been tried hard that day. "I find you sitting like a mummy on my stairs in the middle of the night and ask what

you're doing and all you say . . ."

"And I tell you," said Mansley. "Some uncles do it one way, some another. This is my way of doing it. Now, what are *you* doing?"

Johnsy glared at him.

"I," he said, "am on my way to get so drunk I won't wake up for a week."

Mansley nodded. He had guessed now what had happened. Or thought he had. It was that business of Kathleen's going to the plant, of course. He smiled again, even more sweetly.

"Nice for you," he said. "Nice for the boys who want to take you over the jumps at the factory. Not at *all* nice for your fiancée."

At this he thought Johnsy was actually going to lose his mind. His eyes bugged out, his face twisted out of shape. He put his hand in his hair and pulled it. Then he bent over Mansley.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you!" he shouted. "I haven't got a fiancée. She's going off on some damn yacht with that half-witted Hargreave. It isn't enough she has to go nosing around the plant, upsetting everybody, but now she has to go and break my heart!"

Mansley stood up. "I see," he said. "Perhaps you'd better tell me about it. Shoot."

Johnsy calmed down.

"WELL," he said, "I was pretty burned up. After she'd left, this afternoon, they took another vote. It was twenty per cent worse—in favor of striking. I was pretty burned up. When I got upstairs I felt lousy about being so burned up at her. I got thinking about never let the sun go down on your wrath. So I went in to see her. To tell her I'd been burned up at her for what she'd done but I couldn't let the sun go down on my wrath. She thought I'd come to make love to her!"

"And?" said Mansley.

"She — she said things," said Johnsy. "I guess maybe I sounded as if I was bawling her out. Then she told me about this yacht and Tommy Hargreave and . . ."

Mansley held up his hand for silence. Johnsy stopped talking and waited.

"It's going to be nice, back in Florida," said Mansley. "Why don't you join us—in a week, say?"

"*Join* you?" said Johnsy. "You're whacky! I've got a crisis to settle!"

Mansley smiled. It was a wise, understanding smile.

"I know you have," he said. "That's why I suggested it."

Johnsy looked at him blankly for a second before he understood what Mansley meant. Then he said, "It's no use, Seton. I can't get away from here. I own this business—or it owns me. I've got to run it, even if it kills me."

"I can fix that," said Mansley. "I can fix that and stop the strike too."

Johnsy stared at him.

"You can what?"

"Fix all that," said Mansley. "What you need is a good union organizer. I'll have one here as soon as I can get hold of Carol West. Doggone girl's slipped right out from un—slipped right out into the beyond somewhere."

"I don't get it," said Johnsy.

Mansley chuckled.

"You will," he said. He started along the hall. "If you'll excuse me now, I've got a lot to do tonight. Kathleen—got to get her to sleep first."

He turned back. "She's *really* important. Much more important than you or your city or your factories. Then I've got to call up Tommy Hargreave and tell him he's invited us. Then I've got to make one more stab at finding that doggone Carol West."

"*She's* not an organizer!" said Johnsy.

"No," said Mansley, "but I think she owns one—by now."

Is Uncle Seton trying to throw Kathleen into Tommy Hargreave's arms? Or will he be able, with Carol West's help, to save both Johnsy's business and romance? Next week this sparkling modern novel takes a surprising turn. It's sudden and dramatic—so don't miss it!

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Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland in Arise, My Love.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ARISE, MY LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Dennis O'Keefe, Walter Abel, Dick Purcell, George Zucco, Frank Puglia, Cliff Nazarro, Michael Mark, Esther Dale, Paul Leyssac, Ann Codee. Screen play by Charles Brackett and William Wilder, based on a story by Benjamin Glazer and John S. Toldy. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 111 minutes.

THIS exciting romantic melodrama, doubtless inspired by the Dahl case, is as topical as today's newspaper. A young American aviator, Tom Martin, who has been fighting with the Loyalists in Spain, is a prisoner of the Franco forces, and is condemned to be shot. Suddenly he learns that his wife has charmed the Spanish high command so efficiently that he has been pardoned, in order that he may go home with the appealing petitioner. Since Martin has no wife, he is baffled—but appreciative. Then comes the "wife" who is a pretty American newspaper girl on the trail of a big story. They barely make their escape. All this is the fantastic start to a fervid, tense romance taking place just as the Nazi war machine gets under way to roll over Europe.

Foreign Correspondent was a fine yarn of espionage and the war. This is one of American newspaper folk trying to cover the bloody cataclysm. It has pace, grip, humor. You will like Ray Milland better than you ever have liked him before as the skyman. Claudette Colbert is highly effective as the woman reporter. Outstanding bits are contributed by Walter Abel as the harassed head of a Paris news bureau, and by Cliff Nazarro as a double-talk newspaper cameraman. A tribute, too, is due Mitchell Leisen for his neatly sustained direction.

Another step in Hollywood's anti-totalitarian progress.

VITAL STATISTICS: Foreign release prints, it is said, will have alternate film minus the anti-dictator mood. . . . This picture was shot entirely on the Paramount lot, except for some scenes at Metropolitan Airport, Van Nuys. Garland Lincoln, Hollywood stunt flyer, did his bit here. . . . That American news bureau in Paris, with teletype machine clattering, was created by art directors Hans Dreier and Robert Usher from photos of the Associated Press Bureau over there. . . . Joel McCrea originally was slated for the Ray Milland role. Ill health prevented. So Ray was pulled out of the film Virginia, replaced there by Fred MacMurray. . . . Claudette doesn't flash her legs unduly in this. Legs should be shown, says Claudette, only when there's a real reason. Miss Colbert may not know it, but she has two *authentic reasons, bless 'em.* . . . *George* Zucco saw eighteen months in World War 1 trenches, was wounded in action, decorated. Zucco, Greek-English *but British-born,* was playing in *Utica,* N. Y., when that war broke, returned to England, served as a lieutenant in the West Yorkshires, Seventh *Battalion.* Came through the Somme push. . . . Nobody wrote Cliff Nazarro's double talk. They told him what they wanted, let him go ahead. Nazarro hails from New Haven, Connecticut, had a long stage career, specializes in double chatter.

★ ★ ★½ THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

THE PLAYERS: Conrad Veidt, Sabu, June Duprez, John Justin, Rex Ingram, Miles Malleson, Morton Selten, Mary Morris, Bruce Winston, Hay Petrie, Adelaide Hall, Roy Emerton, Allan Jeayes.

Scenario by Lajos Biro from a screen play by Miles Malleson. Directed by Ludwig Berger and Michael Powell. Produced by Alexander Korda-United Artists. Running time, 120 minutes.

SOMEHOW it is reassuring to know that magic carpets still maneuver over the ancient Moslem city of Bagdad, that awe-inspiring jinn still emerge from strange bottles to obey your slightest wish, even that wicked magicians still can work their sinister wiles. Out of the Thousand and One Nights comes this tale of a handsome caliph, craftily pushed off his throne by a bad grand vizier who apparently has taken a correspondence course in magic in his spare time. The caliph, Ahmad, loves the lovely daughter of the near-by ruler of Basra, but I fear nothing would have come of it if chance did not make him a friend of Abu, a little homeless wandering boy, a thief no less.

Those were sinister days when heads were chopped off with ceremony, torture was applied as a matter of course. True, they were amateurishly sinister, for we moderns, with our civilization and our machinery, have perfected killing. But the tales once told by Scheherazade have their gory magic.

This new Thief of Bagdad invited comparison with Doug Fairbanks' version of 1924. Then Doug played a combination of the romantic interest and the thief. Here they are two separate characters, the caliph and little Abu. This has the added value of exquisite technicolor—with golden galleons sailing into purple sunsets—but it does drag and it is far too long. Too much of even Bagdad can bore. But the fantasy can be recommended for the kiddies, who still have their dreams.

Little Sabu is the best of the cast. There is a pleasant, earnest integrity to him when he kills the magic spider and steals the All-Seeing Eye, when he rides the carpet of carpets across the skies, when he crawls from under the massive toes of the towering puzzled jinni with the low I. Q.

VITAL STATISTICS: Alexander Korda started the film in the Denham studios in England last year, had to suspend operations because of the war. However, most studio shots had been completed and Korda had intended to go to the Sahara. Instead, he brought Sabu, June Duprez, and his company to Hollywood. Shot the location stuff in the Mojave Desert and the Grand Canyon. Forty-mule-pack team transported $40,000 worth of equipment and company along canyon trails. . . . The camera tricks are a secret. Can whisper one or two. The jinni's tremendous hand was first modeled in seven tons of clay. Plaster casts were then made in thirty-six sections, molds next turned over to the papier-mâché department. Hand was constructed to open and close, assembled with machinery to operate, then whole paw was sprayed with rubber solution to get semblance of skin. The galleon was built on the studio grounds knee-deep in daisies and azaleas. Camera magic did the rest. . . . Sabu was born in 1923 in the Karapur jungle, not far from Mysore in southern India. Father, Sheik Ibrahim, a Mohammedan, was a mahout in the service of the Maharajah of Mysore. Robert Flaherty discovered Sabu, just a gamin playing about the elephant quarters, when he was looking for a boy to play the lead in his film, Elephant Boy. Sabu couldn't speak English then; learned in a short time. Now he's expert at jujitsu, loves bowling, can swim fifty yards in thirty-one seconds flat. Most of all he likes to drive his own car—and fast. . . . John Justin was born in London; at age of one, taken to the Argentine, where his father owned a ranch; at nine, sent to school in England; at sixteen, he tried to be an actor; no luck; went back to South America. Later worked his way back to England as a deck hand; finally got on the stage. This is his first film role.

★ ★ ★ CHRISTMAS IN JULY

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Ellen Drew, Raymond Walburn, Alexander Carr, William Demarest, Ernest Truex, Franklin Pangborn, Harry Hayden, Rod Cameron, Michael Morris, Harry Rosenthal, Georgia Caine, Ferike Boros, Torben Meyer, Julius Tannen, Alan Bridge, Lucille Ward, Kay Stewart, Vic Potel. Written and directed by Preston Sturges. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 70 minutes.

THIS new director, Preston Sturges, who stepped to the megaphone from the typewriter with The Great McGinty, will bear watching. For his second directorial effort he achieves another fast comedy, underscored with sharp observation, almost as good as that keen satirical slant on sordid politics.

This time Sturges builds his yarn around a radio advertising contest in which young Jimmy MacDonald is confronted with the dazzling news that his slogan has won first prize, thereby making all things possible, including marriage to the pretty Betty Casey. It is a pleasantly diverting fable, done with superb directness, of the fantastic part the ether plays in the lives of average turn-the-dial citizens. Author-director Sturges even drops his characters into a riot which is a streamlined version of the old pie-throwing Mack Sennett days.

Dick Powell plays the slogan-creating hero and is better than he ever has been in films. Ellen Drew makes the girl human and real.

VITAL STATISTICS: Preston Sturges has a lot of interests. A writer, bit of a poet, something of a scholar, he heads the Sturges Engineering Company, controls a restaurant, is a prize-fight fan along with his inseparable pal, José Iturbi. During shooting he often invited the members of the cast to have luncheon with him and his aides and he PAYS THE CHECK! . . . Six players in this were also in Sturges' The Great McGinty. . . . Four years ago actor William Demarest was an agent. While in quest of a malted milk he found a lovely girl working in a Hollywood drugstore, got her a movie test. Three weeks later she was signed. The young woman turned out to be Ellen Drew. Here she plays the lead, ex-agent Demarest does a supporting role to his discovery. That's Hollywood! . . . Twenty-seven years ago Ernest Truex was playing opposite Mary Pickford in The Good Little Devil, the first picture made by Adolph Zukor and the old Famous Players. . . . Alexander Carr, who does Mr. Schindel, starred on the stage for several seasons as the Perlmutter of Potash and Perlmutter.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town, The Baker's Wife.

★★★½—North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene.

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No matter who is elected, there is no doubt about the People's Choice.

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★ ★

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These include—in alphabetical order—Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Marx Brothers, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Ann Sothern, James Stewart, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner. To mention but a few.

★ ★ ★ ★

The M-G-M studios in Culver City are the world's largest. They occupy 157 acres and employ 4000 people.

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M-G-M pictures are produced on thirty giant sound stages, one of which, 310 by 133 feet, is 40 feet high.

★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★

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For November we announce two outstanding productions. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet". And Judy Garland in George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly".

★ ★ ★ ★

When the lion roars on the screen, you're in for a good time.

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

Lightning in the night

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

THERE was a hushed moment of utter silence in that room. And in millions of homes throughout beleaguered America, men and women, white of face, sat speechless before their radios.

U-235! Atomic energy!

When the invasion of America had begun, Germany had boasted of having ready a mysterious death ray. The American people had not been alarmed, for they had been assured by their most authoritative scientists that so-called death rays were utterly impracticable.

But now, having listened to Adolf Hitler's solemn announcement and his ultimatum, delivered by him personally in the presence of those selfsame scientists and of one of his own, and having listened to their President's acquiescent brief responses, they were convinced that what Hitler said was true—that within thirty days this irresistible new force would be loosed by the enemy upon their defenders and upon themselves.

Now, after fighting uncomplainingly for months against odds that had never disheartened them, Americans knew the foretaste of defeat.

In her home on West Main Street in Clinton, Illinois, Peggy O'Liam sat

When the interpreter had translated, Adolf Hitler jumped, quivering, to his feet. "Never!" he cried. "Never!"

before a radio. Beside her sat Doug Norton. Apprehension lay like a cold heavy thing within them as they waited for the President to speak.

"You will tell Herr Hitler," he said to the interpreter, "that a dictated peace will be signed. First, however, I must insist upon a few brief words that, for the future of humanity, need to be recorded here this afternoon."

Hitler listened to the translation, nodded indulgence. The President of the United States resumed:

"As you gentlemen have suggested, the development of atomic energy will mean a revolutionary change in the life of every human being now on earth. It can be an overwhelming force for good—or for evil.

"Accustomed to freedom in this democracy, we have attempted at all times to translate scientific or mechanical progress into terms of a better life for the great masses of our people. That has been our concept of progress. We have attempted to give our people more radios, more automobiles, more conveniences than any other people on earth have enjoyed. That we have had some success I think you will concede. And I, for my part, will concede that we have often stumbled or been clumsy. But we have not lost sight of our concept of progress.

"We are a so-called capitalistic nation. I find nothing wrong in a fair profit, honestly arrived at; I believe the great mass of our people respect the theory of honest wages for honest work—and treasure the right to their individual liberties. And some of our greatest corporations have been patrons of pure science. They have built great laboratories, put scientists into them, and given those scientists a free hand.

Now, with a smashing, dramatic surprise, a startling fantasy ends

"It was so, here in America, with U-235. We saw its potentialities as a weapon of war, but even more clearly as an unlimited source of heat, of light, of power for peaceful production and transportation—all this at an almost incredibly low cost.

"We saw a new world in which the most densely populated country would have ample room for all its citizens to live in well and cheaply; a world in which this new wealth of energy would be shared by the people of every land and race and creed.

"International boundaries, money as we know it today, and poverty would vanish from the earth. So would war itself; for the economic causes of wars would no longer exist. That, gentlemen—that Utopia, if you like—was what we envisioned: a free world of free peoples living in peace and prosperity, facing a future of unlimited richness.

"In consequence, our scientists—

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

both in colleges and universities and in the laboratories of great American corporations—were given a free hand to investigate the enormous potentialities of U-235.

"The moment your allies' first troops put foot on our soil, one of our first moves was to pick up and transport into the interior of our country the atom-smashing machines with which our physicists worked.

"From East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, we moved a sixty-five-foot steel atom smasher; from the Pacific Coast we moved a great cyclotron with which we had been splitting atoms. In Colorado, the best equipment that this country could build was supplied to its most ingenious and resourceful scientists.

"We were, as you have said, engaged in a life-or-death race with your country. Our goal, I must repeat, was the creation of a new, rich, peaceful world for all. To reach that goal, we needed to unlock atomic energy before you could do so; to produce tons of pure uranium-235 before you could do so; and then to master the world through the threat of its irresistible destructive force—a force we hoped would never have to be put to use.

"And now, gentlemen, you announce that you have solved the riddle of U-235. That within one month you will have begun large-scale production. I do not ask proof. I concede here and now that you have learned the secret of producing a weapon that must inevitably overwhelm and subdue any nation on earth. I concede that.

"And I tell you—all of you—that you are too late!

YOU say you will be prepared to destroy us in one month. You are a month too late. Unless you can destroy us now, at once, this very afternoon, you are lost. For this country has been producing tons of pure U-235 for the past three weeks.

"And, as we sit here talking, our bombers fly high out of sight and sound over every great city in Germany. The destruction they are prepared to unleash will be literally heard halfway around the world.

"I said that a dictated peace would be signed in this room this afternoon. Unless you wish Germany to become a charnel house, it will be. The choice is yours.

"Here, gentlemen, are *our* terms!"

In millions of American homes, families heard the paper that bore the "Articles of Peace of the Cincinnati Conference" slap down on the table. In millions of homes in Germany, frantic listeners heard a translation of the President's speech, and heard the babble of consternation among the members of the Nazi High Command. That consternation was duplicated in the Kremlin and in Tokyo.

And, 50,000 feet over Germany, great United States stratosphere bombers circled lazily while awaiting instructions.

In the conference room Adolf Hitler, white of face and biting his lips against hysterical rage, conferred in a trembling voice with Dr. Strass. He listened to his military advisers—listened without hearing. And then he said simply:

"May I see the terms?"

He read the articles of peace in a prepared German text. They set forth much of what the President of the United States had said: That the desire of the American nation was for true peace and prosperity for all the world; that to preserve that peace for future generations it was necessary that the world's supply of uranium should fall only into the hands of those who would use it not for destruction but for construction. Temporarily, American engineers would limit the amount of uranium obtained by any and every other country, while American physicists would keep watch of the uses made of it.

"We have no wish," the President said, "to assume for long the task of policing the world. When the world is restored and made free, a Council of Nations shall take over the task we inaugurate now."

The President smiled wryly.

"You will notice, Herr Hitler, that while great damage has been done our country, we ask no indemnities, no reparations; we inflict no punishment upon the German people. That, if you please, is our contribution to world peace in the future. We do not intend to sow here, this afternoon, the seeds of some future war.

"We demand only that your troops now in America help us rebuild our country before they return home.

"There is one other condition—which will ensure your contribution. You are never to return to Germany."

When the interpreter had translated, Adolf Hitler jumped, quivering, to his feet.

"Never!" he cried. "Never shall I submit!"

The President of the United States rose slowly. He nodded to the German marshals and to Dr. Strass.

"Gentlemen, you have fifteen minutes in which to persuade your Chancellor."

At the end of that time Hitler remained obdurate. The President, his own face white, said, "I am sorry. You are making an immeasurable mistake. There is nothing—"

At this point one of Hitler's marshals spoke:

"May we have five minutes more, please?"

The request was granted. The Germans were left alone. And, within three minutes after the President and his aides had left the room, a gunshot sounded in it. Five minutes after that, over all the world's radios came the solemn announcement:

"Adolf Hitler, Chancellor of the Greater United German Reich, is dead. At four fifteen this afternoon the body of the man who conquered all Europe was found lying on the floor of the ballroom of the Netherland Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati. A pistol, from which a single bullet had been fired, was found beside him. According to his field marshals, who were present at the time, he committed suicide. There will be no public investigation, the American State Department said."

Two days later, on May 15, 1946, the American destroyer Hammann sailed from Baltimore with Hitler's body on board. Rumors that he had been slain by one of his own marshals persisted, gained general acceptance. But, by agreement, the circumstances of his death were locked for fifty years in the secret files of the American and German governments.

The capitulations of the Japanese and Russian governments followed his death within twenty-four hours. Articles of surrender were quickly signed when authenticated reports from Russia made it known that an American bomber, dropping just one 500-pound bomb of the new explosive on the deserted Russian steppes, had blasted a hole in the earth several hundred feet deep and fifteen miles in diameter.

IN the little town of Clinton, Illinois, on a night that had the soft breath of spring, Peggy O'Liam and Lieutenant Doug Norton set out from Peggy's home. They were to be married on the morrow. Admiral Sterrett was to arrive in the morning. Admiral O'Shane had promised to be there. Jock Rodgers was in town already. All day long a steady stream of Peggy's friends and fellow townsmen had been flowing to and from the porch of her home, where she had greeted them joyfully and made Doug acquainted with them.

Now, as the two walked arm in arm down West Main Street, he said solemnly, "I'm not sure you'll make a good navy man's wife."

"Why won't I?"

"Your lingo's wrong. You mustn't tell people, 'Oh, I'm so glad to see

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME

By Rupert Hughes

IN the Irish paradise every man is as good as every other man and a damned sight better. In the American meaning, millions are better than I am; yet I am as good as the best—and no better than the worst.

Yet we democrats live in a republic with laws to obey. Proudly I bow to necessary authority. But I lend my liberty to save it, and I want it back with usury.

Ours is the only life I would live. The death I would most gladly die would be in the eternal fight to keep our blessings immortal.

you!' You must say, 'It's good to have you aboard.'"

She squeezed his arm, said even more solemnly, "I'll try to be a good wife, lieutenant."

Their walk was a series of halts to accept still more felicitations. They met one of her old schoolteachers, and an old man, deaf in one ear, who loudly called her Maggie. His name was Matt Howard. "In the East," she explained after they had managed to get away from him, "I suppose he'd be a superintendent of maintenance. Here he's the courthouse janitor. . . . Oh, Doug—"

She turned to him suddenly.

"I'm tired of seeing people. Let's go for a drive."

He saw the restlessness in her face, sensed the tension of her nerves. He nodded.

They drove out Route 10. Coming back, as they passed rolling fields and hushed woods, he saw her lips trembling and he stopped and said softly:

"What is it, darling?"

"I'm afraid, Doug," she said. "Last night I had a horrible dream. I don't even remember it, but I woke up shaking with terror. So much has been crowded into these past months. I'm so glad it's all over—only—"

She looked up at him, pleading for understanding.

"Only, darling, there's something insidious about it. Like a drug. This town seems so small, so quiet, so deadly unexciting. This afternoon I thought: If I could only hear a gun go off! If *something* would only happen—something dangerous! I couldn't stand the quiet, the peace. I'm confused, dear, I'm mixed up. Does any of this make sense to you?"

He took her in his arms and said:

"I know. You hate what you've been through. You're glad it is over. And you miss it." He grinned. "Wait until you have a child—or two, or three. They're sure to be troublesome little brats. They'll give you all the excitement you need. To say nothing of trying to feed them on navy pay. We both have a lot to forget, my dear. We had to learn war. But we did. We'll learn peace, too."

His arms tightened around her, and the pressure of his lips against hers, as her fingers stroked his hair, was gentle.

THEY stopped at the courthouse square to see the statue of Lincoln in the moonlight. "This was Lincoln country, you know," she reminded him. As they looked up at the likeness of the tall, gaunt, gentle man who also had known the ordeal of war, a light went out in the courthouse across the way.

"Old Matt has finished for the night," said Peggy.

They saw him hobbling toward them. He squinted at them and said, very loudly, "Just finished cleanin' my spittoons, Maggie. How are you, lieutenant? Nice statue of Old Abe, ain't it? He was a wise man. Right here on this lawn he said, 'You can fool all of the people some of the time and . . .' Well, you know how it goes.

"One I like best, though, is the one that went:

"'With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lastin' peace among ourselves and with all nations.'"

Old Matt worried his left ear with a gnarled finger. "Them words seem kinda fittin' now, I guess. G'night, Maggie. Night, lieutenant."

"Good night, Matt."

They watched the old fellow hobble off, and they looked again upon the statue's face in the moonlight.

"Peace," Peggy repeated, "with all nations! Lasting peace among ourselves! It will be worth what has happened to have that, Doug."

He nodded. And when, on the front porch of her home, he kissed red-headed Peggy good night, her lips were no longer atremble; they were the lips of the girl he had met that first day at Waikiki.

He had told himself then that it would be nice to kiss this girl. He told himself now that he had only half succeeded in imagining how nice it could really be.

THE END

Birds of America

THE CROW. Recognized by oily, over-greased, plastered-down plumage. Lady birds question his sartorial good taste for using goo instead of Kreml.

THE WET HEN. The other extreme. Dry, stiff, unruly feathers. Result of soaking in water, which washes away natural oils. Kreml needed.

THE BALD EAGLE. Loss of top-feathers usually due to neglect. Use of Kreml in time helps check excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales—refreshes.

HE DOESN'T GET THE "BIRD", thanks to Kreml Hair Tonic. Kreml helps keep hair perfectly groomed and looking its natural best. Neat, lustrous, without being sticky or greasy.

KREML, the famous tonic dressing, is neither sticky nor greasy. Keeps hair lustrous, in perfect order. Checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp.

Women tell us Kreml puts their hair in splendid condition for permanents—helps make permanents look lovelier.

Buy Kreml at your druggist's today and ask for it on your next visit to the barber's.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES

CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

LORETTA MILLER, who comes from Australia, has made an exceptional career for herself as a stage magician's assistant. Billed as Moi-Yo, she plays an important part in the Dante mystery review, Sim Sala Bim—but what conjured me, when I met her recently, was learning how useful magic can be to a woman in ordinary life. Just listen:

"When you wash dishes," Loretta told me, "you'd seldom break anything if you wore your fingernails the way magicians wear theirs—very long and filed down at the sides, with the third and fourth fingers of the right hand and the index finger of the left trained to extra dexterity. . . . In stage magic the value of audience concentration would teach you *never* to interrupt your husband by word or gesture while he's telling a funny story. . . . Magic also would teach you the wisdom of shoe comfort—your most marvelous tricks are apt to go wrong if your feet hurt."

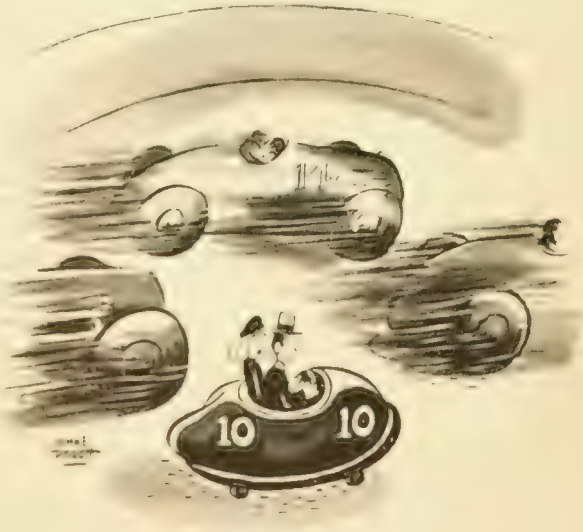
Because of their close association with sleight of hand, girls in the Dante company get to be expert at sewing and at relaxing. Loretta can double herself up in a trunk that much smaller girls couldn't squeeze into. As magic's handmaiden, Loretta has traveled all over the world. Found the Glasgow Scottish hardest to bewilder, the Chinese easiest. In Mukden there was turmoil when Dante fished a five-dollar bill out of an orange from a sidewalk fruit stand. All the Chinese fruit men immediately cut *all* their oranges open, looking for magic money.

☆ The other day I met a lady whose courageous color get-up took my breath away. She had on a soft cloth hat of that lovely shade we used to call crushed strawberry. Her tweed suit was a gorgeous emerald green, and she wore a big silk scarf that combined the two hues daringly—the emerald and the pink. The effect was so vivid, so unusual, and so *right* that I failed for a moment to observe the purpose for which the scarf was employed. It was a sling. She had a broken arm.

"Three times within the past two years," she told me, "I have broken and rebroken this arm of mine. Once during a stormy ocean passage; once in an auto accident; this last time by a fall. I have had to adjust my entire wardrobe so I can wear gaudy slings. They help me feel better if they are colorful. I call it *calamity vanity*."

An excellent system of compensation for trouble. Don't you think so?

☆ Deserving a stimulant if ever I saw a girl deserve one, Mary Margaret McBride arrived in Boston after a long and storm-tossed air ride, to attend an official affair at which we both were guests. The party was *dry*. I appealed to my dinner escort. He tiptoed us to the kitchen, where we raised elbows to Mary's health and that of her rescuer, Leverett Saltonstall, Governor of Massachusetts. . . . Governor Saltonstall told us about the scariest moments of his life—being lost in a fog-trapped army plane, and delivering his first political speech. On the latter occasion, the hall was empty—but *empty*—when he started speaking. He moved near a window, waved his arms, made impassioned gestures. People outside thought that something exciting must be going on inside, so they came in. The meeting achieved a record attendance.



"Are you sure we're still on the Fair grounds, John?"

☆ Since we have two days of thanksgiving on our calendar again this year, some of us may want to go easy with one of the dinners. Here's a *Thanksgiving Club Sandwich* for moderate feasting: . . . It's a three-decker. Start with a slice of white bread, toasted one side only. Spread with chowchow pickle, then hot country sausage fried and split lengthwise. For middle deck use slice of raisin bread. Spread upper side, untoasted, thinly with mayonnaise; arrange slices cold turkey on this, with lettuce leaf, salt, pepper, paprika. Top sandwich with slice of white bread, toasted side up. Garnish plate with 1 tablespoon cranberry jelly, crisp celery, black olives.

☆ Staying with friends out of town one chilly evening a week or so ago, I watched the man of the house build a fine log fire. The blaze leaped high and bright from the very first spark.

"What a *perfect* fire," I said.

The man of the house looked thoughtful. "I learned to build fires," he said, "from a fellow who never did anything else worth while in life. He was a hopeless waster, a complete failure—but he *did* know how to build fires. And in spite of all his worthlessness, he left friendly memories of himself with those who knew him. We always remember he taught us how to build good fires." . . . As strong as that are the perpetuating powers of homestead skills!

☆ For American history with the real home flavor, something special to read around Thanksgiving time, I recommend Dorothy Giles' new book, Singing Valley: The Story of Corn. (Published by Random House.)

A Great American Citizen

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN the babble of tongues preaching foreign doctrines, in the confusion of ideas regarding the future of America, in the clamor for Communism, Socialism, Fascism, sabotage, and national planned economy, I have heard a clear voice speaking.

In the crowd of soapbox orators, spellbinders, statesmen, politicians, incendiaries, fifth columnists, commentators, agitators, and demagogues who strut the American stage today, I have found an American citizen broadcasting American ideals.

Two glimpses of a dynamic champion of sound American ideals, H. W. Prentis, Jr.

Presenting a dynamic patriot —and wise words for us all

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

The man is H. W. Prentis, Jr., of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He is not a candidate for any office. He is not a politician of any sort. He has no selfish interests to defend. And his resounding voice is devoted only to his country and his God.

He is president of the Armstrong Cork Company of Lancaster, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, and a former director of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. He is a man of middle age, forceful, dynamic, energetic. He is blond and blue-eyed and reminds one of Wendell Willkie. And he is one of the most brilliant speakers of the age. You might call him the Patrick Henry of the present crisis. Sentiments of his, such as these, should be memorized by every American:

"Weak men are the fodder of dictators."

"The core of human liberty is the right to be oneself."

"The penalty of inefficiency is inevitable in a competitive market. But not so with government, armed with unlimited taxing power."

"Destroy republican government, and collectivism soon degenerates into despotism and tyranny. Destroy religious liberty by bigotry or class or racial feeling, and the wellsprings of republican government dry up. Destroy private enterprise by state socialism—so-called 'national economic planning'—and the eventual destruction of religious liberty is assured. For no government allegedly planning for the greatest good of the greatest number could brook interference by any citizen. Hence the socialized state must inevitably control all opinion-forming agencies—radio, press, school, and church."

As president of the National Association of Manufacturers, Mr. Prentis is calling for a mobilization of business men to spread the gospel of Americanism, and he has already enrolled about 7,000 in the work.

"Our country and its institutions are fundamentally sound," he explains. "With economic understanding, backed by the irresistible force of a united purpose, virtually no goal is too ambitious for us to seek. Industry's dream for America is more and better food, shelter, clothing, and transportation; more education, more cultural opportunity, more leisure for everybody. It seeks, moreover, to set up reasonable safeguards against the four specters that haunt the minds of every human being—the specters of sickness, unemployment, old age, and death. Industry recognizes, however, that physical comfort is not enough; that to be truly happy a man must have intellectual, political, and spiritual freedom."

I talked with Mr. Prentis in his New York offices recently and came away strengthened in my faith in American business and in the future of the nation. But I do not wish to discuss that interview here. I desire rather to publish extracts from speeches he has made.

In an address before regional assemblies of the National Association of Manufacturers, Mr. Prentis pointed out that in these critical days the American people "must be made to realize that physical defense alone is not enough. They must rearm themselves spiritually and mentally." The Association, he said, would welcome the co-operation and mobilization of all patriotic manufacturers.

"To perform our historic mission as preservers and defenders of individual freedom," he said, "we American business men must proceed forthwith along two lines of action. First, we must see to it that our own businesses are conducted on a humane and ethical basis, so that free private enterprise in America can always come into the court of public opinion with clean hands. Second, we must become sentinels and missionaries on behalf of free private enterprise as one of the three indis-

pensable supports of individual freedom. . . .

"We sorely need a great spiritual awakening, and I am not using that phrase merely in a religious sense. We need a great awakening of the spirit of intellectual inquiry, of the ethical spirit. We need, too, a great awakening of the spirit of good old-fashioned patriotism. And we need a rebirth of the spirit of patriotic sacrifice. . . .

"Our mobilization is projected on three premises.

"In the first place, we are convinced there has been a definite swing in public opinion toward a more favorable attitude to private business. No longer are the minds of the people poisoned by epithets hurled at industry; and we have fertile soil in which to sow the seed of understanding of the principles of American freedom.

"Secondly, American industry, after a process of self-examination, has set up a body of sound principles on which it can stand against its critics and traducers.

"And, third, we are convinced that the country sorely needs some catalyzing agent to crystallize business opinion on national and economic social problems. In other words, it is hoped this mobilization may serve as a rallying point around which the business men of the nation can muster their forces, not for selfish purposes but for the good of the country we all love.

"The mobilization will operate in two ways, one defensive, the other offensive. So far as defense is concerned, we propose to answer, and are already answering, every unwarranted attack. But the defensive role is far less important than the second phase of this great effort—personal work by thousands."

HE explained that volunteers would be assigned to speak to groups within their communities. Others would broadcast. Many would be asked to ascertain what is being taught in the public schools—inasmuch as American boys and girls are given textbooks "shot through with creeping collectivism and other un-American doctrines." He emphasized, however, that no business man should attempt to dictate how our schools should be run, but should merely insist that the American system of government, economics, and civil and religious liberty should be given equal emphasis with any collectivistic theories.

In a speech to the Forty-fourth Congress of American Industry last December, Mr. Prentis said:

"If the American people today had as much fundamental knowledge of the principles of government as they had, say, up to the time of the Civil War, we would not be in the fix we are at this moment. We have been trying to live without a political philosophy, and have found that we cannot do so successfully.

"After all, there are only two kinds of government. One is based on coercion, the other on the free consent of the governed. One crushes individuality, the other exalts it. In the first case the citizen exists for the state; in the second the state exists for the citizen. . . .

"In our smugness and complacency we do not grasp the vital fact that America has a representative democratic government because she is free. She is not free because she has a representative democratic system. The heritage of our form of government is much more a spiritual than a political or economic achievement.

"Hence, of all the catalyzers that have united to create what we call the American system, the most vitally important is the value we have given to human personality. No former people has conceived of individual human dignity and worth in terms which have been common to us.

"Today, however, our most prominent living American philosopher maintains that there is really nothing exclusive about the individual; that the idea is simply a hangover from the days of aristocracy; that one cannot be really democratic and believe in the spiritual sanctity of human beings!

THERE, it seems to me, is the basic issue in the current crisis in America. If one believes that as individuals we are endowed with certain divinely given, inalienable rights, then our system of government, our free economy, our civil liberties have a firm foundation on which to rest. If we deny the existence of such natural rights, then so-called social principles displace the individualistic principles on which personal liberty depends. Hence, it seems to me, the idea of a sovereign God endowing the individual with certain inalienable rights is fundamental to the permanent existence of the American system.

"Another vital catalyst of freedom is the willing assumption of personal responsibility by individual citizens. The idea is not popular these days. We are all prone to try to shoulder our troubles off on government. We forget that government, after all, is composed of men and women no wiser and no better than ourselves and that the only money government has to spend is money that is eventually taken from us, the citizens.

"The original sin of rulers is to seek more and more power, and if we shirk personal responsibility and encourage government to assume more power, sooner or later we shall have reared a Frankenstein's monster to devour our freedom.

"We forget, too, that the ineffable blessings of personal freedom are sure to evaporate and disappear if we place too much stress on economic security. No one must be allowed to starve in America. But if this very day, by some miracle, every individual in the United States could be clothed, sheltered, and fed to the maximum of his heart's desire, tomorrow would bring new appetites, new discontents, new problems.

"Here is another of the great catalyzers of liberty—individual initiative, the driving force that accounts for all human progress. Nowhere has it been more in evidence than in the United States. We can distribute wealth by political action, but not genius and character and leadership. It was Washington who held the struggling colonies together—not a junta of the rank and file. It was Fulton who built the first successful steamboat—not a group of farmers. It was Bell who invented the telephone—not some manufacturers' association. It was Lincoln who drafted the Gettysburg Address—not a government commission.

"If, in our commendable desire to eliminate sweatshop wages and hours, we instill a mental attitude in our young people which stunts or kills the qualities that alone can produce the uncommon individuals on which progress depends, what will happen to America a generation hence? What good will it do to hitch our national wagon to a star if we take off the wheels?"

As Mr. Prentis said in his commencement address at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on June 4, 1940:

"Nowadays men speak constantly of our American democracy, although the word democracy does not appear anywhere in either the Declaration of Independence or in the Constitution of the United States. 'A Battle Hymn of the *Democracy*' by Julia Ward Howe would certainly have mystified our Civil War grandfathers. For a democracy is a form of government in which all important public questions are determined by the direct will of the current majority. Such government has never proved successful, as our forefathers knew. So they took great pains to set up a republic instead—in other words, a representative democracy, in which the expression of the popular will was everywhere cushioned by representative rather than direct action, and the inalienable rights of the minority were sedulously safeguarded by a written constitution."

MR. PRENTIS concluded his talk before the Congress on Education for Democracy in Carnegie Hall on August 17, 1939:

"What a moving opportunity for public service awaits any patriotic school or college faculty that will co-operate in giving its student body a carefully planned and inspiringly presented course in The Roots of Liberty in the American Republic! . . . Hope for the future of our republic and for the correction of its shortcomings hinges on the resurgence of individual patriotism and religious faith. The schools and churches of America must get into action—and that right early—if we are to keep the republic our fathers died to found and save."

THE END

Left to right: Tommy Dorsey, Jack Jenney, Bunny Berigan, and Roy Eldridge, playing all at once, overcome Martin Block (center) of New York City's Make-Believe Ballroom.

Off the networks

The story of some more of radio's well-beloved stay-at-home successes

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT was inevitable, of course, that the Pot o' Gold idea should find echoes in local radio stations. Memphis' "growingest" radio baby is its cryptically named 1430 Club—typical of many similar programs—which distributes daily prizes to its rapidly increasing list of members; and studio audiences at Chicago's WGN plus over 1,000,000 outside listeners play 10,000 simultaneous games of Mu$ico on cards distributed by the sponsor. Mu$ico is the invention of a youthful University of Chicago graduate named John Farwell, who saw the possibilities of combining two ideas from two different fields: Kay Kyser's musical quiz scheme and the movie theatres' Bingo Night.

The musical Information Please type of program put on by the Philadelphia Record and the Robin Hood Dell Concerts, called Sound Your A, has the same basic idea as the famous New York program, the quizzing of a board of four experts; but the questions are confined to musical problems.

Achieving immediate success in such natural rivals as St. Paul and Minneapolis, and Baltimore and Washington, the Quiz of Two Cities program has already spread to Montreal and Toronto. Capitalizing local pride to the utmost by cleverly engineered city versus city contests in question answering, these programs frequently achieve Crossley ratings unequaled in their territories by even the most popular network programs.

The Quiz of Two Cities idea in its original form hasn't reached the Coast yet, but Columbia Stations KSFO and KNX have already cashed in on the long-time battle between northern and southern California with their juvenile Information Please, The Kids' Quizaroo, which has proved, among other things, that if the average American adult has the intelligence—as the I. Q. boys say he has—of a twelve-year-old child, he isn't so dumb after all.

The program's half hour is equally divided between the two stations. The San Francisco quartet sit in a studio without listening facilities and try to answer the same questions that their Los Angeles rivals have just faced. Contestants are picked from a group of twelve school children by lot; a preliminary quiz selects the best four from the twelve.

NBC is getting remarkable results with a similar program, Quiz Kids, in Chicago, where a jury of five children, ranging from seven to fourteen, have astounded adults with their knowledge.

Every once in a while the radio rambler runs across a program which is confined to one locality or one section of the country for no apparent reason. Cleveland's famous WTAM, known as the cradle of stars, has two distinguished features which are crying for national airing: Woman's Club of the Air and Will to Win, both conducted by talented Jane Weaver. In the former, which is now heard on many but not all network stations, Miss Weaver rings a doorbell and interviews "the lady of the house," played by Mildred Funnell, on various phases of feminine activities; and in the latter she acts as narrator in a presentation of Mary K. Browne, who has turned out to be almost as good an actress as she was a tennis player.

Farther north in the Middle West, on Station KSTP, Minneapolis, Miss Weaver finds a worthy rival in Bee Baxter, who seasons her culinary fare with the spice of a unique wit on her Household Forum program, a multi-sponsored feature. Another most successful woman commentator is Albuquerque, New Mexico's, Mary McConnell, who sugar-coats her home economics pills with continual banter, while an open microphone records telephone answers to questions previously submitted by listeners.

Too much sponsor satisfaction is undoubtedly what has anchored the Make-Believe Ballroom which has brought New York City's Martin Block so much money and fame. Martin plays recordings of famous orchestras, chats intimately with their leaders, his "guests," who actually aren't there at all, and sells

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Beautify Your Skin

with the aid of

Mercolized Wax Cream

Lighten your complexion and make it appear prettier, clearer and younger looking by using Mercolized Wax Cream, as directed. This dainty Skin Bleach and Beautifier hastens the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, suntanned or overpigmented surface skin. Reveals the softer, whiter, smoother underskin. Try this famous complexion lightener, Mercolized Wax Cream now. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

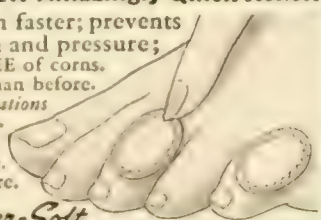
ITCH STOPPED in a Jiffy -or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

CORNS?

Try This NEW Amazingly Quick Relief!

Relieves pain faster; prevents shoe friction and pressure; keeps you FREE of corns. 630% softer than before. Separate *Medications* included for removing corns. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



NEW *Super-Soft*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

goods for his nineteen satisfied sponsors to his two million jitterbugging housewives.

There are plenty of popular local rural and hillbilly programs on the air, programs of the Grand Ol' Opry and National Barn Dance and Hoosier Hop type. WHO, Des Moines, has a Barn Dance Frolic of its own that goes especially strong throughout agricultural Iowa, where the same station's Corn Plowing Contests and Tall Corn Contests, with their community versus community appeals, are just as popular as Charlie McCarthy.

The Southern hillbilly programs are as numerous as they are popular. Byron Parker and his Black Draught Hill Billies, blowing out of Columbia, South Carolina, is a four-bell attraction in five states. Wheeling, West Virginia, caps the rural radio show circuit with a midnight performance every Saturday.

And speaking of late shows, Hollywood has a Midnight Merry-Go-Round, a musical quiz by phonograph-flipping Tommy Hanlon, who plays to a large audience of stay-ups which regularly includes big-time stage, movie, and concert stars.

THERE is something about the early-morning hour which seems to demand specialized local treatment. Oldest pryer-out-of-bed program is probably John B. Gambling's Musical Clock, which has been ringing its trusty alarm for Mutual's WOR customers these fifteen years. Albany, New York, also has a Musical Clock.

KIRO's TKK—for Time Klock Klub—a clever variation of Gambling's idea, is another program which takes a tip from the squirrels, according to its chief winder, Kernel Carroll Foster, and "rises and shines with a bright eye and a bushy tail" for the benefit of some 13,000 loyal, enthusiastic members who rely on it to help them catch the eight ten.

Out in the Northwest area served by the CBS Minneapolis station, WCCO, Clellan Card broadcasts for fifteen minutes every morning at the yawn-strewn hour of 7 A. M. Between one hundred and three hundred people turn out daily in the studio to watch him perform at his grisly hour. This is the kind of repartee, with Card reading both lines, that lays his listeners low.

Lady in Grocery Store: "Is that the head cheese over there?"

Clerk: "No; that's his assistant."

Oh, well! Radio will be radio, and you can't expect late-risen jokes on early-rising programs. But you do get personality. Norman Ross, for instance, the former Olympic swimmer, now Uncle Normie on Chicago's early WMAQ program, has been known to start off his program with the thoroughly unorthodox statement, "It's a lousy day in Chicago." Bob Carter on New York's WNEW greets his eye-rubbing customers with "G'wan, go back to sleep."

The local newscaster who doesn't take himself seriously, or the news either, is also beginning to vary the monotony of the solemn coast-to-coast calamity howlers. Pioneer in this welcome line was Joe Wesp's Ironic Reporter, now confined to the Buffalo News Station, but a promising candidate for network airing, as is also Syracuse's E. R. Vadeboncoeur.

The war has, of course, increased the demand for local newsmen of the air, and some of them have been distributing Rand and McNally topographical surveys of the battle areas, sometimes with surprising results, as witness this from a confused customer of KGKO, Fort Worth:

"Please send me one of your Sally Rand maps showing rugged contours."

It is impossible, of course, to men-

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 10:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo	WKBW 9:00 E.S.T.	New York	WOR 9:00 E.S.T
Chicago	WGN 8:00 C.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	St. Louis	KWK 8:00 C.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.

*Los Angeles *San Diego *San Francisco

*See local paper for time and station.

tion here even a small fraction of the worth-while programs that are not heard everywhere, but no survey would be complete without an appreciative bow to Ted Malone of Kansas City, who shares with Tony Wons and David Ross radio's poetry-reading crowd; to Fletcher Wiley of Los Angeles, who has at last achieved national airing after years of success with his Housewives' Protective League, to Ty Tyson of Detroit, who has made baseball broadcasting one of the finer of the arts; to E. B. Rideout, Boston's Weather Man; to San Francisco's perennially successful Robert Tompkins Anderson, who has long been the deciding factor between a book's success or failure on the Pacific Coast; to lovely Madeleine Douglas Bullard, who is making Oklahoma literature-conscious with book reviews in dramatic form; and to Canadian Broadcasting Company's Louis Francoeur, who does such a lightning job of translating English and American broadcasts for French-Canadian listeners.

THE END

Liberty's Patriotic
UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION
Quiz Contest

ARE you ready for the tenth set of questions on the Constitution of the United States? They challenge you from the lower half of this column. Perhaps your study of the Constitution in search of the answers for preceding questions has refreshed your memory to the point where further reference to the document is not necessary. However, it might be well to check your memory before you put this week's answers away as completed. You've a good deal at stake in this contest, you know. Your chance to win the $500 cash First Prize remains excellent! If you are planning to send for your copy of the Constitution to use in checking your answers before the end of the contest, it is suggested that you act without delay. Mail your request to the address in Rule 8 and be sure to enclose ten cents in stamps to cover expense of handling and mailing. Particularly if you are just entering the game this week (and if you do you can still file your claim to a share in the prize money), you will find a reprint of the Constitution always available much more satisfactory than trips to the library or turning the pages of a book. Order your copy without any further loss of time.

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 10

1. **Upon what date each year must Congress assemble, unless otherwise provided by law?**
2. **Who establishes rules for Senate and House?**
3. **In the event that no candidate for the Vice-Presidency receives sufficient electoral votes to elect, what body determines who the new Vice-President shall be?**
4. **What day of the month did the original framers of the Constitution set for Congress to convene each year?**
5. **Where must all bills for raising revenue originate?**

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

To enable those who enter direct from this page to make up lost ground, Liberty has prepared reprints of the first nine sets of questions. Of course those who have complete files of Liberty will not need reprints. New contestants who require any or all of the preceding quizzes may obtain them for ten cents in stamps to cover mailing and handling costs. Requests should be mailed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SUBMIT PLAIN ENTRIES!

As this contest reaches its closing stages Liberty re-emphasizes that elaborately decorated entries are not desired. Simplicity is best. Fancywork and ornamentation will bear no weight in the rating of any entry. Therefore, as you plan your entry, concentrate on the accuracy of your answers. Do your work where it will count.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$ 500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

Du Barry 1940—The Woman Who Ruined France

FULTON OURSLER

LOVELY HÉLÈNE was the most intimate friend of the wife of Reynaud. Then the future War Premier fell in love with her and stole his wife's friend for himself. She was received everywhere as his consoler and nearest companion. But Hélène was discontented. While Reynaud was a rich man, his political leanings were to the Left. Hélène became tired of his labor leaders and philosophical radicals. She wanted to be received at the tables of the great bankers and industrialists of Paris. "Why not cultivate them?" she urged upon Reynaud. "You have the others." So Reynaud listened, and France was crushed—not altogether because of Hélène, of course, but she did play a strong hand in the damnation of her country. Since her mysterious death, a few weeks after the surrender to the Germans, all the world has been whispering the name of Reynaud's Hélène. Next week you will start to read the full story of this fatal liaison—Du Barry 1940—by Frederick L. Collins.

Five Japs, and de Gaulle! An odd assortment, is it not so? There is no connection between these five eminent Japanese journalists and the general of the free French, except that you will meet them all, together with Gene Tunney; Erno Laszlo, that great beauty expert; Countess de Tristan, whose little son was kidnaped and happily rescued a few weeks ago; George Jean Nathan, the bland papa of American dramatic critics, and many other celebrities, in the pages of the next issue of Liberty. A distinguished if strangely contrasting group, these contributors! Take those five editors from Japan! At our invitation, each has written his little piece for you to read, telling whether or not he believes that the United States and Japan must go to war. Are they unanimous? In their basic attitude, one would say "yes"; but their ways of expression show a broad range of individualism; they vary from high politeness transcending Japanese formal courtesy, through sober argument, to a snarling distaste for us—something very close to a hiss and a fistshake. These messages to Americans from five of the leading Japanese journalists make up a real contribution to our thought on the Far Eastern crisis.

As for General de Gaulle—if you think Dakar finished him, you are very much mistaken. "We have just begun to fight," he says, and proceeds to reveal some of his plans to unite French opposition against the Nazi conquerors. Surely any intelligent observer of foreign events—as if there were any such things any more! There is no more foreign, no domestic; the world is all one now, and mostly in hellish torment—but any observer of the world will want to know from General de Gaulle's own pen just what he plans to do.

I THINK THERE IS very little you will want to miss in our next issue. Can Hitler take Central America? No one can say yes or no to that, but Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., will tell of some matters he learned down there—facts that will help you in the good old-fashioned American practice of making up your own mind. God help the young prizefighters of America. Why? Gene Tunney will tell you why in one of the most revealing sports articles we have had for a long time. "Now you see it and now you don't!" That's not Dante the magician, but George Jean Nathan talking about Dante. What do you know about beauty? Erno Laszlo will ask you forty questions—and the answers will be in the back of the book, but you mustn't peek. As for fiction, I especially recommend two of our short stories: Ah, Croon of My Delight, by James Francis Bonnell; and Reprieve for a Hero, by Mildred Cram and Robert Hyde. And—oh, yes, of course! Full installments of the serials, and all the regular departments. Doesn't it all sound tempting?

SALMAGUNDI: At breakfast with Jack Dempsey the other morning, got him to promise some extraordinary new sports articles for Liberty, and, incidentally, got his version of his hilarious first meeting with the late David Belasco. Some day, when there is space here, I shall tell that story. . . . Bernarr Macfadden was also at the breakfast with his son, Berwyn, and Jack felt Berwyn's muscles and said the young man would make a heavyweight. No, he didn't bother to examine mine. . . . Spoke recently before the Manufacturers Association in Connecticut, the State Education Association in Delaware, and the Women's Club of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; and I can tell the world that patriotism in these groups, and indeed throughout this country wherever one goes, is a deep and dignified passion that nothing is going to withstand; *this country is in love with Americanism!* . . . Attended the General Motors reception at the Waldorf-Astoria, and ran into former President Herbert Hoover, looking very fit, and I told him there were more than twelve million Liberty readers who would like him to write more pieces for us. . . . Lunched with David Selznick, and talked on the need for more spiritual conviction in our drama and fiction. David agreed with me that when the Greeks wrote their great plays the gods were important; when the power of the omnipotent passed from the stage in the general intellectual skepticism of later Athens a great dramatic force died out. Again, when Shakespeare wrote of ghosts and witches the audiences still believed in such things, and the passing of faith in the supernatural robbed the plays of great power. Today faith must be restored to the drama, to pictures, to radio, if they are to be effective as instruments for the imagination and conscience of the world. . . . Some of the books I have read recently that impressed me were: The Boss, by Dayton David McKean — a study of Mayor Hague and machine government, a laboratory examination of municipal politics, the root of all democratic evils; The Voyage, by Charles Morgan, author of The Fountain; and A Treasury of the World's Great Letters, by M. Lincoln Schuster; three vigorous books and stimulating. . . . Dinner with redhaired, saucy Dorothy Speare and her giant husband Charles Hubbard; both at work on new writings that promise well. . . . A handsomely engraved invitation reached me, the other day, reading as follows: "Miss Amy Vanderbilt cordially invites you to meet Dr. Else K. LaRoe at the Gotham, in honor of the publication of Dr. LaRoe's book on surgical slenderizing, The Breast Beautiful. R. S. V. P." . . . P. S.: We couldn't make it.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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COVER BY ARNOLD FREBERG

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